

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by LAFAYETTE.

LADY SOUTHAMPTON.

D.M.

FOX TERRIERS AT PLAY.

WHATEVER may or may not be said as to the mischievous propensities of the fox-terrier, there is no denying the fact that of all dogs he is the most sportive. "Brimful of fun" is a very apt description of his disposition, and that character, it goes without saying, carries with it the corollary of good temper. And a properly brought up fox-terrier is good tempered. Plucky and determined, and game to the backbone, he will fight furiously if roused or attacked; yet if he is not a good-tempered dog in his calmer moments, nineteen times out of twenty it is his master's fault. In fact, with a fox-terrier training is everything.

He is as a rule a docile and obedient dog, but at times his obedience is tried rather high. Here, for instance, is Spot, a model of propriety—when his master is at hand—inwardly digesting the question: shall he rigidly adhere to the rules of orderly conduct, or shall he succumb to the inward temptation that is just now besetting him? In other words, shall he chivy that cat? As a matter of fact, nothing would delight him more than to make her scoot away at the very top of her speed up those steps, to whatever sanctuary her agile feet can carry her palpitating heart—but he doesn't quite like to.

That master of his has such a horribly inconvenient habit of turning up just at the wrong moment—the wrong moment,



Photo. by C. Reid,

A STRANGE CAT!

Wishaw, N.B.

that is, from Spot's point of view—and if there is one thing more than another that that said master disapproves of, it is Spot chivying cats. It is really ridiculous that a master should think like that; indeed, it is more, much more, than ridiculous.

It is positively cruel to deprive a poor unemployed dog of the innocent amusement of chasing a cat, and above all A STRANGE CAT. For Spot, who has been reared from a puppy in the company of cats and kittens, would not think of treating any one of the inmates of the household in such disrespectful fashion. But a strange cat! And in the garden, too, where the chase would have so many delightful and exciting features, in and out of the shrubberies, for instance, and up and down the side-walks. What could be more delightful? And so he stands, irresolute. Whether the law of his master, which is as immutable as that of the Medes and Persians, will prevail, or whether the temptation will ultimately prove too strong, will probably, in a great measure, depend on the tactics adopted by the cat. The slow, backward movement that appears to be in progress will be the most likely to conduce to Spot's behaviour being all that his master could wish; but if she should turn tail and run away, as she yet may do, it's a good ten to one that Spot casts prudence to the winds and flies after her in all the wild intoxication of the pleasures of the chase.

But all dogs are not so much under control as Spot is, even in his master's absence; and Jack next door is by no means so respectful in his behaviour as he ought to be to the cats of his own household. Nevertheless, white-legged old Sambo, the cat on the box, has in his time seen many dogs come and go, and in all his experience has never yet met the fox-terrier that he could not give "what for" to when it came to the point. So he regards Jack's excitement with PLACID UNCONCERN, though he thinks it just as well to sleep with one eye open, and to crouch in position ready to give a spring that only a cat can give when occasion requires. Jack is evidently young and impetuous. He will learn better manners some day, especially after Sambo has landed him one, two, straight on the nose with a very prickly paw, as he will readily do if put to it; for the old cat has a persuasive way of emphasising the fact that any dog's attentions have become a little too pronounced for him. What a delight it is to one of the breed to find a kindred spirit! "Anytaing for sport" might very well be written down as a fox-terrier's motto. What satisfaction that piece of stout rag is affording the couple who are testing the resistance of their teeth



Photo. by C. Reid,

PLACID UNCONCERN.

Wishaw, N.B.

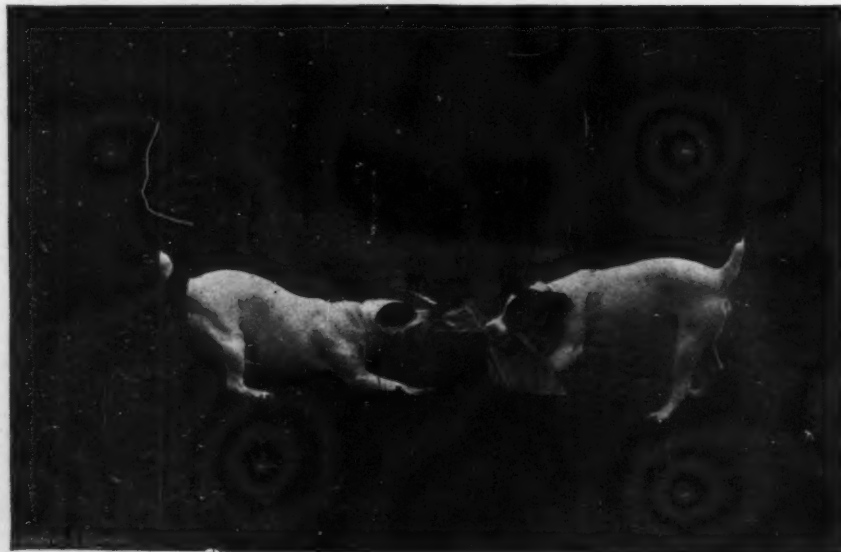


Photo. by C. Reid, "A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL."

Wishaw, N.B.

and the muscular development of their hind quarters WITH A LONG PULL, AND A STRONG PULL, to decide who shall have it. It won't do merely to get a bit of it. It's very attractiveness lies in the fact that it is stout and strong, and that one must have it—all or none. Vic is laying on to it for all she is worth, while Trap chews along the edge, getting more and more, and coming

closer and closer. Presently he will get it away, but if he is not extra sharp Vic will get hold of the other end of it before he has time to carry it off, and then the whole tug-of-war will begin *da capo*. And so the game will go on. One way and another there are few more entertaining sights to the lover of dogs than to see fox-terriers at play.

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short sporting stories dealing with racing, hunting, etc.

With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance, that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

ONCE more the boisterous entrance of the month of March, which popular folk-lore describes as the "coming in like a lion," has been experienced. A very heavy gale has wrought damage to life and property on every hand. "From Eddystone to Berwick Bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay" come tidings of death and disaster by land and sea caused by the tempestuous weather following a sudden drop in the barometer on the first day of the month. Having got so far into the year, no serious or heavy frosts can now well take place. Everything is in an exceptionally forward condition, and unless a sudden dash of cold weather should cause a set-back, an abnormally early season may be anticipated. A "cold snap" just now would cause very great damage. There has been a recurrence of floods in some districts, but not to the serious extent for which early February will be chiefly remembered.

A correspondent in the Scilly Isles sends some interesting particulars of the great flower-growing industry on which, in a great measure, the prosperity of the Islands depends. A walk through Covent Garden invariably arouses a wondering where all the flowers come from. The Riviera cannot well be responsible for them all; and they are, moreover, sold at such an abnormally cheap rate, that the carriage alone, one would think, would render their remunerative production impossible at such prices. In one recent week no less than 100 tons of narcissi, jonquils, and other spring flowers were despatched from the Islands, so that there is no longer reason to wonder where all the flowers come from. By far the more important question is—Where can a market be found for such prodigious quantities? It is now possible to buy in profusion in London, in the months of February, at a very cheap rate, flowers for which a few years ago it was necessary to wait until the middle of April or the beginning of May.

The principle involved in the action of "Representative Rebo," of Missouri, is so ingenious, that it may perhaps be extended if it should meet with the success which its daring originality deserves. This Missouri Solon has introduced into the legislature of that State a resolution providing for the attendance of five members of that august assembly at the forthcoming Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight with a view of framing a law for the prevention of prize fights. It is true that it is only on a par with Mr. Hawke taking the odds from Dick Dunn in order to get information on the betting question; so that perhaps it is not so very novel a proceeding after all. Nevertheless, if such a mode of procedure became general, Sir Wilfrid Lawson might be found mixing his drinks in order that he might, from personal experience, be better able to frame his prohibition measures against intoxicants.

Some short time ago the National Rifle Association wrote to Mr. Chamberlain, asking whether the Colonial Volunteers, who will be visiting London this year in connection with the Diamond Jubilee, would be able to stay long enough to compete at the Bisley meeting, and offering, in that case, to throw open the Imperial and other contests at the annual shooting gathering to them. Admirable alike in tone and matter, the right hon. gentleman's reply will meet with general approval, as he promises to lay the matter before the Colonial governments, and to request them to include some of their picked shots so as to make the competitions as interesting as possible, and the teams fairly representative of the shooting strength of their respective portions of the Empires. Such friendly competitions can do nothing but good to the Empire at large, and everyone will wish our Colonial visitors all the success their skill will deserve.

The cubs of the British lion have time and again shown their readiness to take up their parents' quarrel, and it may well give cause to the would-be enemies of this Empire to

reflect that in the day of England's peril we shall see standing shoulder to shoulder in her defence the boys from Devonshire and Dublin, from Cornwall and Connemara, from Anglesey and Aberdeen, the wiry, active Ghoorka, the stately Sikh, and countless other

"Dusky warriors of the great White Queen,"

and, behind all, a magnificent reserve of vigorous manhood which, from African veldt, from Australasian bush, and Canadian backwood, and every nook and corner of the Empire, will hasten to shed their blood, if necessary, for the "dear homeland." Therefore no efforts can be too great to foster and encourage a spirit of emulation in military excellence, not only amongst our volunteers at home, but with our "kin across the sea." For who knows how soon Britain's safety, or even her existence as a nation, may depend on the stout hearts and stalwart arms of her sturdy sons?

It is a rather curious coincidence that up to a few hours ago the favourites for the Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National should have been horses not bred in this country. That the American Diakka was fully entitled to his position for the former event goes without saying, and although Winkfield's Pride has gone over his head now, it is still possible that Lord William Beresford's Champion will re-assert himself in the market, and run very forward in the race as well. That the last Cambridgeshire winner was bound to be well backed, if the best of Robinson's lot, was a certainty; but perhaps it is a little early yet to assume that he, without doubt, is that best. Reliable information comes that Bird of Flight, in this stable, and who has only got 6st. 5lb. to carry, is a real good four year old; and, whether he starts at Lincoln or not, he may be expected to win a good race soon. There has been a great run on The Tup, too, of late, who is not badly handicapped as a five year old with 7st. 3lb., but I shall not believe in his quite getting the Lincoln mile until I have seen him do it. Bridgroom, who is sure to run well, and Imposition are both very genuine candidates, and I have satisfactory intelligence both of La Sagesse and Tambour. Scotch Wisdom, too, is still going well, and if he only be at his best on the day will take a lot of beating, whilst I hear that old Victor Wild is looking and going in his best form, though he has not had any very fast work yet.

For the Grand National, old Norton still holds his position at the head of the quotations, though I could never see on what grounds. That he is a very improved chaser, a fine fencer, and fancied by his trainer, I of course know; but I cannot help thinking that he will be too slow to stay four and a-half miles in the company he will meet over the Aintree country, and on his best form in this country there are two or three who seemed bound to beat him. There was quite a run on Prince Albert until he was badly beaten at Windsor, when he at once went out to 1,000 to 10; and the best of the Weyhill lot, which looked so powerful when the weights were published, will be The Soarer, who is sure to run well, though I doubt if he will quite get home first with 11st. 4lb. Wild Man from Borneo is a very genuine candidate, is doing really well, is nicely handicapped with 11st. 5lb. (he ran well last year with 12st.), and is sure to finish in the first flight. Barcalwhey, too, is well backed, being supposed to have come on a lot since he finished fourth last year; but the "Wild Man" meets him on 16lb. better terms this time, and I shall expect the Irish horse to beat him on this occasion. In fact, I consider the 1895 winner the best handicapped horse in the race, except, perhaps, Stratocracy, whom I have by no means lost faith in yet, especially as he seems to be doing plenty of work, and why he is not mentioned in the betting I cannot think. Nepcote, too, has a better chance than his 20 to 1 would seem to show, and of the outside division, Timon might run well enough to cause a surprise.

Last week's racing began at Ludlow—one of the best steeplechase "countries" I know of in these degenerate days—where Lord Coventry's Mediator beat three other Liverpool candidates in the Stewards' Steeplechase. These were Nelly Gray, Caustic, and Owick, none of whom can have any chance for that race, and easily as the bearer of the brown jacket and blue cap won, I am afraid he is hardly class enough to follow in the footsteps of Emblem and Emblematic, even with 9st. 8lb. Van der Berg took the Town Steeplechase, amongst those he beat being the once highly thought of Royal Buck, who will never now, I am afraid, fulfil his early promise; and Swanshot, who will have to carry 11st. 5lb., if he runs at Aintree on the 26th, won the Castle Flat Race from three moderate opponents. Merry Carlisle and I.O.U., two very useful jumpers in their own class, won the Novices' Steeplechase and the Felton Steeplechase respectively, and will keep on winning so long as they are properly placed; and the only other features of the meeting were the success of St. Servan, on the first day, in the Novices' Hurdle Race, and his defeat in the last race of the meeting by the four year old Enniskerry, who may turn out to be useful.

The two days at Windsor were more remarkable for the boisterous and unpleasant nature of the weather than for anything else. San Lucar and Banquet were both unplaced for the Crown Handicap Hurdle Race, which was won by The Ram—for whom, I believe, Mr. Garrett Moore gave a fiver—from Priestholme and The Rays; and then old Ardcarn, who has been amiss lately, and was in consequence allowed to start at 10 to 1, took it into his head to try in the Slough Handicap Steeplechase, which he won by three lengths from Loppy, with Miss Puff third, and Redhill, Marcellus, and two others unplaced. Among the half dozen runners for the Berkshire Steeplechase were Prince Albert, who had been backed for the Liverpool earlier in the week, and Westmeath. The former of these was backed at 3 to 1, and if he has any pretensions to get a place even in this year's Grand National he should have had no difficulty in beating the lot opposed to him on this occasion. As it was he looked big, ran slowly all the way, and was unplaced. Neither did Westmeath do himself any credit, although he was carrying 12st. 4lb.—10lb. more than the Weyhill horse, as he succumbed by three lengths to Melton Constable, to whom he was only giving 17lb., and I am afraid I must reluctantly throw him over as a possible winner of the big chase of this month.

Mr. Yates's triumphs did not end here, as he also took the Selling Flat Race with Athlumney, who was twice beaten at Lingfield last month; and this made the third success of the Bishop Sutton stable during the afternoon, Miss Tennyson having previously carried off the Selling Hurdle Race from Clonawee, and five others. On the same day there was some good sport at Malton, though nothing took place which had any bearing on future events. Swanton, who won the Settrington Steeplechase, is by Melton; Phil Brown, who took the Langton Hurdle Race, has twice before earned brackets over the "sticks" this season, and is no doubt a fairly good four year old at the game; and the useful Athel Roy walked over for the Norton National Hunt Flat Race. The Yorkshire Meeting came to an end on Friday, on which day the first race—the Fitzwilliam Hurdle Plate—was won by Mr. R. C. Vyner's four year old St. Mathurin, by Waterford, and he also took the last race of the day—the Malton Half-bred Steeplechase—with another four year old, Eurotas, by The Rejected, out of Arethusa, who is dam of Alpheus, and, seeing how she is bred, it seems rather ridiculous that she should have (h.b.) after her name, especially considering the animals that are admitted to the Stud book. I remember a very good chaser indeed of the same name winning races in the seventies—he belonged, I think, to Mr. Chastor—and I hope that Mr. Vyner's colt may turn out as good a horse as his namesake was.

The principal meeting of the week was, of course, the Grand Military at Sandown Park, on Friday and Saturday, and this not so much on account of the importance of its racing as the popularity it has attained among London race-goers, and society in general, since it has become an annual fixture of its present home. The racing is so fully described elsewhere that it will not be necessary to go further into it here than to say that, unlike the earlier part of the week, the weather was as perfect as could have been wished, and everything passed off as comfortably and successfully as it always does at Sandown Park. On the first day, the Gold Cup was won by Col. Gough's Parapluie, ridden by Mr. D. G. Campbell, but the field she beat was by no means up to the usual standard of those that have usually run for this race, and one thought regretfully of such winners as Knockany (1870), Charleville (1872), Donington (1874), Chilblain (1877 and 1878), Boyne Water (1879), Ormerod (1892), and Midshipmite (1893). The last named ran again on this occasion, but he has grown old and slow, and even so, I think he would have won but for an accident on the far side of the course, when he was going as well as anything, about a mile from home.

The best race of the day was the Sandown Open Steeplechase, in which Gauntlet, beautifully ridden by Capt. Hope Johnstone, beat the favourite, Tibocrat, by a length and a-half. Lord Cowley's mare lost some ground over the last fence, but I think the result would have been the same anyhow, as the winner has a nice turn of speed to finish with, and is, I think, a better horse than he has ever shown himself as yet. If he can really stay, he will not disgrace himself at Liverpool, with 11st. 3lb. on his back, and of that I may perhaps know more before the day. On the concluding day, the odds of 7 to 2 were laid on the Liverpool candidate, Cathal, to win the National Hunt Flat Race; but Prattle, who lately belonged to Mr. Linde, and is useful, made him do his best, and was only beaten by a neck. This makes no difference, one way or the other, to his Liverpool prospects, as he was never supposed to be of any account without fences to jump. It was a good field of hurdlers that went to the post for the Open Hurdle Race, for which Stop was made favourite. He ran well, for a long way, too, but could not stay to the end with his weight (12st. 2lb.), and Sicily

Queen got home, thanks to the handling of Arthur Nightingall, by a neck from Priestholme, with Knife Boy third; Gazetteer was among the beaten lot, and I am afraid this disappointing horse will never do much better over hurdles than he did on the flat.

With the Rugby season—as far as the South is concerned, at all events—within about three weeks of its close, the prominent clubs are particularly busy just now. Since the last issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* appeared, Blackheath and London Scottish have decided their return match, and a highly interesting struggle it furnished. The first meeting, last November, resulted in favour of the Scots by a try to nil. Since then the wearers of the famous “red and black hoops” have had rather a chequered career, and the Scotsmen were rather expected to repeat their former victory. Such was not the case, although the Heathens only avenged their previous reverse by two points—a couple of tries to a goal from a mark. Whilst giving Blackheath every credit for playing a very fine game—Bond, at full-back, was superb—they were a trifle lucky. Richmond sorely felt the absence of such celebrities as Gregor McGregor and G. T. Campbell.

Sink or swim, rise or fall, it is evident that Mr. G. Rowland-Hill is determined not to budge one atom from the attitude towards professional football taken up during the past season. At the recent “coming of age” dinner of the Saracens F.C., the hon. sec. of the Rugby Union stated that he and his colleagues regarded themselves as the trustees of the game for those who had placed them in power, and was very emphatic about preserving the game entirely as a pastime—and a real sport; not in any way allowing it to be degraded into a mere money-making business.

Being decided so far away as Belfast, the second of the season's International matches under the Association code did not attract much interest on this side of St. George's Channel. Last Saturday's encounter with Wales was the sixteenth between the two countries, and the fourth that has resulted in favour of the Irishmen. Of the reverses sustained by Ireland all took place out of their country, whilst not since 1889 have they been vanquished at home. Their success on Saturday was somewhat startling, for at half-time Wales led by three goals to love. The second period was full of incident, but the Irishmen did all the pressing, and putting on four points just snatched a victory.

The London Senior Challenge Cup appears exceedingly likely to fall to the Old Carthusians again this season, for they can put an eleven into the field that would make an International lot do all they know. The Old Boys have now to meet Brentford, and the winners of that tie will encounter the 3rd Grenadier Guards in the final. J. H. Gettins is still a member of the Brentford Club, although he has not worn their colours this season. Is it too much to hope that the Corinthian will assist in the Cup Tie *v.* the Old Carthusians? It is a pretty open secret that the Middlesex clubs' executive were very sore that Gettins should repeatedly be selected for representative matches on the strength of his membership of Brentford, and yet never turned out for the latter body.

Whilst on the subject of the London Senior Cup, a word of warning to the Stanley F.C. committee may not be out of place. Their tie with the Old Carthusians last week attracted a much bigger crowd than usual, but a more unfair and partial lot it would be difficult to imagine. I have seen the game in Yorkshire, in Lancashire, the Midlands, and the West, but my ears were never before on one afternoon assailed with so much foul language—even at a professional game in some of the poorest districts. Most of it emanated from a lot of youths between fifteen and twenty years of age. This sort of conduct the committee of the club will, if they are wise, do well to take steps to at once stamp out. A rather amusing incident occurred during this same game. G. O. Smith, the International centre-forward, had been announced to play for the Old Boys, but could not. At the last moment H. F. Buzzard took his place, and till the close of the match was assailed with cries of “Go on, Jo!” (Smith's nickname) “Show us your form!”

Professionalism in football has done wonders for the game—in bringing it into contempt of the public and general disrepute. The following is an extract from a report of a Southern League match: “The Gravesend men were repeatedly cautioned for foul play, and Reading finished with only nine players on the field.” To use an apt, if timeworn, expression—comment is superfluous.

If any proof were needed of the growing interest in athletics at the Universities, it is furnished by the number of inter-collegiate matches which have been arranged for the present season, much in excess of the fixtures of former seasons. Indeed,

so much so that no little difficulty has been experienced in finding dates. Third Trinity and King's, Cambridge, combined, tried conclusions with New College, Oxford, on the University Ground, Cambridge, when some very good all-round sport was witnessed. In the result the Dark Blues won the odd event. J. H. Clapham, of King's, won both the sprint and the quarter mile, while A. O. Dawson rendered a similar service to his side by taking the weight and hammer events. J. E. Shuckburgh, of King's, won the high, but C. W. Turner, in return, carried off the long jump, and as G. W. Cornish beat Turner, the Oxonian, in the hurdles and the half mile went to the Cantabs through L. M. Stubbs, the honours were equal when the rival Blues lined up for the one mile, the deciding event. Stubbs again proved to be a very useful runner, and exercising capital judgment, won easily in 4min. 52.4-5ths secs., thus securing for New College the odd event and the victory by five events to four.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and the excellent form which has been shown recently by the president of the University College Athletic Club, G. Jordan, suggests a great race for the quarter at Queen's Club next month. The victory of FitzHerbert in this event last year will not readily be forgotten, and as the Cantab is fairly confident of being able to repeat the performance, a fine contest should be in store. In the University College Sports held last week, G. Jordan won the hundred, plus a four yards penalty, in 10 3-5. He had the wind behind him certainly, but it was a fine performance. In addition to this the half-mile proved to be a very easy task for him from scratch. At the same meeting H. G. Robertson did a capital quarter, while T. H. K. Dashwood's performance in the long jump and hurdles makes him out to be above the average.

At the Hertford College Sports, at Oxford, J. M. Fremantle, although having to concede starts to all his field, won the Half-Mile Handicap with a lot in hand. A wonderfully useful runner was seen in the 120 yards Strangers' Handicap, in C. R. Thomas, of Jesus College, who started from scratch. He is in great form just now, but despite a brilliant effort he just failed to beat H. E. Robertson, of Christ Church, who was in receipt of eight yards, in the final. A day or two later he did a great performance, winning the Merton 100 yards Handicap in the splendid time of 10 secs. dead. In the Balliol College Sports, Brewer, the Harvard runner, showed a fine turn of speed in the 100 yards, which he won very easily. In the Strangers' 120 yards Handicap, at Downing College Sports, at Cambridge, W. Fitzherbert put in an appearance, but being out of form failed to run into a place in the preliminary heat; N. Pilkington, the Rugby three-quarter, qualified for the final, in which F. L. Carter, of Caius, with two yards start, beat him by half a yard.

At Oxford, E. D. Garnier, the hurdle Blue, has been proving very conclusively that he is retaining his best form. Notwithstanding a sodden track and a ten yards' penalty, he romped home in a big field for the Balliol 120 yards Strangers' Race in 18 1-5th secs., H. N. Coltart, the well-known L.A.C. and Hospital hurdler, being amongst those who finished behind him. Garnier must prove a hard nut for Cambridge to crack at Queen's Club. He is a worthy descendent of a truly athletic family, and it is not a little remarkable that when he won the hurdles in the Inter-Varsity sports last year he was repeating the triumph of both his father and grandfather, both of whom carried off the event in their day.

From a financial point of view the Inter-County Championship, which was decided at Wembley Park on Saturday last, under the auspices of the Southern Cross-Country Association, was not a success, and, what is still more disappointing, it failed to arouse any enthusiasm amongst cross-country men. For the title of Champion Cross-Country County, Middlesex, Surrey, Essex, Sussex, Kent, and Suffolk sent teams to compete, but the undoubted superiority of Middlesex robbed the event of much of the interest that would otherwise have attached to it. At the finish Middlesex had ten men in the first twenty home, and scored a very easy win indeed.

The Lower Thames Yacht Club's conference last week was well attended, the only absentees being Minima (Southend) and Burnham Y.C., but as they have no “class” rating there is no likelihood of their disturbing the fixtures of the various clubs which were made. The Royal Corinthian Y.C. have a full card, extending from May 8 to October 2, contests being decided at Erith, Burnham, Port Victoria and Ramsgate. The London S.C., who have removed from Hammersmith to Burnham-on-Crouch, will have a busy time, having a long list of fixtures arranged. With the exception of one race on the Thames, the Temple Y.C. will decide all their matches off Ramsgate. The Medway Y.C. “week” will commence on June 28th, and the Thames Estuary, Essex and Alexandra Clubs are also well supplied with fixtures.

Whilst people in England are getting their annual dose of the biting winds of March, visitors to the South of France are sunning themselves on the bright Riviera, and enjoying the somewhat exclusive sport of yachting. The Hyères International Regatta commenced on Saturday, when the English contingent swept the board. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Britannia only had one opponent in the chief match of the day, sailed over a distance of twenty-four miles—viz., Mr. A. Barclay Walker's Ailsa. After deducting the time allowance, the Britannia proved victorious by 14mins. 28secs., covering the distance in 4hrs. 0mins. 34secs. The two remaining races of the day fell to Col. Paget with Samphire and Flying Scud. On the second day the Britannia and Ailsa were again the only contestants for the match for yachts over 20 tons. The course on this occasion was extended to thirty miles, and the Ailsa succeeded in turning the tables, finishing in 5hrs. 38mins. 25secs., the Britannia taking 38mins. 25secs. longer.

After the usual lull caused by the finishing of the big meeting at Waterloo, things have begun to get lively in coursing circles, and many of the candidates for the "blue ribbon" have

been seen in the slips again of late. Messrs. Fawcett's kennel has been particularly busy, and, last week at Lytham, had no fewer than seven dogs in the North and South Lancashire Produce Stakes. They were singularly successful, too, for at the close of the day half a dozen were still left in the last thirteen. Nevertheless, they fared badly on the second day, and at the finish only one (Fire Flash by Fortuna Favente—Fille de Feu) was left in a division of four. The kennel, however, retrieved its fortunes in the Clifton Cup, Fair Floralie and First Fortune dividing the stake, whilst in the Peel Stakes Fear to Fall was also in the division. The South Essex Club brought their season to a close on Thursday in last week on a veritable March day, when tramping the Rainham flats in the weather that prevailed proved no sinecure. A long card, extending over three full days, was successfully carried out, but at the finish three of the four stakes were divided. The only contest brought to a definite conclusion was for the Rymill Cup (the chief stake of the meeting), and in this the final course between Mr. Harris's Hebron Hill and Mr. Cohen's High Daply Moor ended in favour of the former.

HIPPIAS.

WITH THE QUORN.

ON Monday last the meet at Old Dalby was well attended, in spite of the blustering weather, but the sport shown was of a very indifferent kind, owing probably to the keen wind. Scent for the most part was exceedingly bad.

The plantations round the Hall were first tried, without response; so on we went to Old Dalby Wood. Although it is said that foxes abound there, this morning not a sound was to be heard in the shape of a whimper; so, after a good trial, Firr took his hounds across the road to Grimston Gorse, where there was a quick find of not only one but many foxes. These Grimston foxes always have a fondness for running in one direction, and this was taken on the present occasion. The fox made for Saxelbye Wood, but luckily he just touched the corner and no more. He ran down to the village, and then bore away to the right. Hounds ran well, but not particularly fast at any time, past Welby osier beds, to the Asfordly Ironworks, where the fox got to ground in a slag bed. It was useless to wait there, so we returned to the osier beds, from which another Reynard slipped away, but no one knew it until he was hollowed away beyond Cants Thorns. Hounds were taken over, but they did little good. It is true they did kill a fox by Cants Thorns; but it was one taken unawares. The rest of the day is hardly worth mentioning, as covert after covert was drawn blank—Wartnaby Spinnies, Lord Aylesford's and Sholy Scotcs. After this hounds were taken home, the hunting being one of the worst day's sport of this season.

On Friday, Keyham was our fixture, to which many came, especially in carriages. Being a handy meet for Leicester, it is a place to which all sorts and conditions foregather. Lord Lonsdale is still unable to ride, so was driving. We were fearful at the start, owing to a keen easterly wind, that we were in for another bad day; but we had not long to wait before they found, and the day turned out much better than anyone anticipated. We found an outlying fox, and, so to speak, caught him napping outside Hungarton Foxholes. At first he made as though he meant Billesdon Coplow, but, changing direction, worked round to the left. He ran nearly to Beeby village, across a nice line of grass country, no plough, but with all sorts of jumping—hedges, timber, and a brook, up to Barkby Holt.

We stayed hanging about here for some little time, for foxes always take it easy when in this covert; but patience was at last rewarded, and Reynard viewed away, making for Q-eniborough Spinnies. So on for Barsby, till, keeping well to the right, we found ourselves at Ashby Folville. Here a check occurred, but the line was soon hit off; and we hunted slowly for a few fields, when it was over, our fox having got safely to ground. An attempt was made to dig him out, but time was precious, so we moved on for Ashby Pastures, where two or three foxes were soon afoot.

Our fox, as usual, made for Thorpe Trussels, and ran through it, for Thorpe village. Then he turned to the right, close to the farm-house, where our morning fox had grounded. He crossed the road, and hounds were not two minutes after him, but after passing Thorpe, Reynard was bound to keep on, and this, meaning, perhaps, the Punch-bowl or other far coverts afar, I knocked off.

CHASSEUR.

FOOTBALL IN PARIS.

IT seems hard to believe that five years ago football was only known in France through the studies of intelligent foreigners on British manners and customs. The idea of the game was roughly this: A ball was placed in the middle of a large field, and, at a signal given, the contending parties rushed for it in a mass. As it was only possible for one man to kick the ball at the same moment, the others amused themselves by kicking one another's shins. Mortal accidents were as frequent as goals, and it was rare for more than two or three of each side to be going well and strong at the finish. It was, in fact, a brutal and terrible pastime that nominally had goals for an end, but which was, if the truth was told, nothing more than legalised prize-fighting. Some five years back, to the amusement of the French, the English in Paris decided to introduce the Association game. The Paris *New York Herald* was appealed to to open its columns, and this it did—and more than this, for it sent down Mr. Aubrey Stanhope, now war correspondent in the East, to assure the promoters, Messrs. Sleator and Hewson, of the cordial support of Mr. James Gordon Bennett.

From these small beginnings the "White Rovers" Club was founded, and very shortly afterwards the "Standard" obliged them with a rival worthy of their steel. France was not slow to take a keen interest in this new sport, and M. Frayssé, who had just come back from England, where he had established a pleasant little record in club matches, founded the Club Française. Since then the game has been taken up all over France, and school matches are disputed with as much rivalry as in England, and every big centre has a good working team.

It is difficult to give an appreciation of the French game. So to speak, they are only in the schoolboy stage, and a long time must elapse before they can compete, with chances of success, against a good English team. The characteristics of the nation come out in the play. They do not and will not be contented with being simply one of the team: each one wants to be a team in himself, accordingly "passing" at the proper moment is rare. The player, in order to cut as good a figure as possible before the crowd, runs right ahead, and is content to fall a certain victim amid the plaudits of the spectators. The grounds in Paris leave a good deal to be desired. The "Standard," for instance, plays on a ground bordered on one side by the Seine and on the other by a market garden.

This combination leads to amusing incidents. Every quarter of an hour the ball is knocked into the river, and has to be picked out by a boat, or the monotony is varied by its being lost in a cabbage bed. But all honour is due both to the English and French pioneers. Their lot was not an easy one. The owners of grounds refused permission on the plea that they did not wish to see their green acres turned into plough land, and even the Government had a suspicion that there was a good deal of gambling connected with it. Incidentally it may be mentioned that football pioneered into France another very British institution—the smoking concert—and those now organised by the Rovers are a conspicuous feature of the winter season in Paris.

CORBEILLE.

A DAY IN THE BEDALE COUNTRY.

WHEN Yorkshiremen foregather, and begin to argue about the respective merits and the different hunting countries in the county of many acres, there are sure to be a few who will stick out staunchly for the Bedale, and that country will probably always be found in "the best three" when men make up their minds to place them. As I have hunted with every pack of fox-hounds in Yorkshire, and seen excellent sport with them all, I will refrain from saying which is, in my opinion, the best, and will content myself by saying that the country in which there is a good supply of foxes, which carries a fair scent, and in which it is possible for one to get to hounds, is quite good enough for me.

And the Bedale country fulfils these requirements to the letter. The foxes are stout and bold, there is a fair proportion of grass, the fences are in many places big, but in all parts of the country with which I am acquainted perfectly fair, whilst

there are one or two drains wide enough to hold man and horse, and give them some swimming practice, as you shall learn.

Taken on the whole, therefore, the Bedale country is a good one, and a day in that part of it which is hunted on the Friday is most enjoyable. To begin with, though there is always a large field there is never a crowd such as we sometimes have to encounter on a Bramham Monday or Friday. Then there is an absence of carriages in any great number, railways are not numerous, and mines and such abominations are not at all. A fine wild country, with plenty of room for everyone, a country, moreover, with a history to which I may recur on some future occasion.

Then there is another charm about the Bedale country. The Bedale men are thorough sportsmen, and on a Friday there are generally to be found men from neighbouring packs, who come "to have a ride" with their Bedale friends. Yet Major Dent's "Let

the hounds come, gentlemen," is sufficient to check the impetuous of all ages; for there are some men who hunt with the Bedale past their first youth, but who are as hard to beat as they were twenty years ago, and who occasionally get a little—just a little too far forward. Major Dent, who is eminently the right man in the right place, is now going fast through the first season of his second term of mastership, and so far he has shown excellent sport.

I had not seen the Bedale for a year or two until Friday, the 18th inst., when they met at Langton Hall, the seat of Captain W. H. Fife, and I must consider myself lucky to have selected that day, for I fell in for a gallop worth talking about. The morning was a fine one from a hunting man's standpoint—i.e., there was no sun and no wind, and the only doubt was as to whether it was not too mild and spring-like for hounds to run really hard. Then in the early morning a few drops of rain fell, but long before we reached Langton Hall the rain had gone. Speculations as to the prospect of scent were freely indulged in as we rode up to Captain Fife's residence, but I am inclined to think that speculations on this abstruse subject involve a great waste of time, as in nine cases out of ten events upset the most elaborate calculations. So, on the morning in question, there were many Lord Burleigh-like shakings of the head, and remarks made as to its being "too warm" for sport.

It was a thoroughly sporting field which assembled in front of the hall, and it did not require a man to be much of an expert in such matters to see that, given the opportunity, there would be some "tall" riding, for from Lord Zetland's and the York and Ainsty, from Lord Middleton's and the Framham Moor and the Harworth came men who could hold their own, and who were willing to do so—even anxious. We had to wait some time before the fun began, but it was a merry dance when time was called, as everyone who was there will readily testify. The plantations in the neighbourhood of Langton Hall

were tried without avail, and Thrinfoft Whin, much to my surprise, also failed to hold a fox, and it was long past "the hour of high noon" before began one of the best runs it has been my luck to see this season.

It was in Wallace's Wood that they found him, and a gallant fox he was, "long-limbed and grey." Indeed it would be literally correct to say "he went away, he was not found," for before a hound spoke he had put a field between himself and the covert.

THE SOUTHDOWN HUNT.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE MASTER

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But if the fox was sharp, so was Holland. His hounds were in the open, and had taken up the line almost in less time than it takes to tell, and at a rare pace they were running over the grass, pointing for Danby Wiske. Then the riding, and the country we crossed! On all sides were good men and true—aye, and good women, taking a line of their own, in a seventh heaven of delight, for we were on the grass; hounds were running on, and looked like doing so, and there was nothing to stop us. "A



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE PACK.

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crowded seven minutes of glorious life" brought us to Danby Wiske, which village was passed on the left, and then, running to the right and on the left side of the bridge, hounds crossed the Wiske and rattled gaily along to Hutton Bonville. At the far end of the plantation, opposite the Hall, they checked for a moment, but Holland's cast was successful, and hitting off the line again, they ran or merrily for some distance parallel to the Wiske and between the river and the railway.

Then they re-crossed the Wiske again, and that entailed a long ride round. We speedily got on terms with hounds again, however, for some cold plough had brought them to their noses, and they hunted slowly on leaving Birkby to the right. Then someone viewed the fox again, only just in front of them, crossing a flooded field in the direction of Pepper Hall; and the fun again became fast and furious as East Cowton was left on the right, and they raced along, once more on the grass, for the formidable Pepper Hall drain. The drain is wide, and the drain was full, fuller indeed than usual; but the ardour of the field was not to be damped by the appearance of it. Splash! went one gallant sportsman, as his horse failed to reach the opposite land, and the water flew high above his head like a miniature fountain. One or two more came to grief at the same place, but no one was any worse than I heard of, beyond, of course, the inevitable ducking.

In the meantime, hounds were running on hard through the plantations near Pepper Hall, and, leaving the Hall on the right, they crossed the North Cowton road, and ran into a plantation of which no one seemed to know more than that it was on the Pepper Hall Estate.

Welcome, indeed, was the moment's breathing time; but it was only a moment's breathing time; for we had scarcely begun to compare notes ere Holland's horn and halloo told that hounds were again in the open. On they ran, as fast as ever, leaving North Cowton Close on the left; and, after passing Pepper Arden Church, they turned left-handed, and soon came to another formidable drain. There was no splashing this time—at least, I saw none, and hounds were now running over a somewhat easier country, and were, moreover, rapidly approaching the Harworth country. At the "Black Man" they were fairly in it, and there was now a considerable tail, which was increased as they crossed the North-Eastern Railway half a mile to the right of Dalton Junction. Then at Eryholme Lane End, with Beverley Wood just in front of us, came a check; but ere Holland had made his ground good, a halloo in the direction of Dalton village gave him the necessary clue, and hounds finally marked their fox to ground in the main earths in Dalton Banks, at the end of a good run of an hour and twenty minutes. It was a nine-mile point, some indeed thought it more, but I could not make



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

GOING TO COVERT.

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AT THE TOP OF THE HILL.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

A STEEP DESCENT.

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it measure more on the map. Though there was a good deal of plough on the line, it did not ride so deep as some I have crossed lately, and there was a fair proportion of grass. That it was an exceptionally good run the fact that no one was anxious to try for a second fox bears ample witness; and as hounds were four miles at least from the nearest covert, Holland wisely took them home. We had a thirteen miles' ride back to the horse-boxes at Northallerton, which is another proof that we had a straight-necked fox before us when we had a day in the Bedale country.

RED ROVER.

DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS.

C RUFF'S Show had several surprises in store for visitors, and one was the greatly increased number of dappled dachshunds which were benched. These eccentric-coated hounds are certainly on the upward grade of popularity. Mrs. Sidney Woodiwiss took the first and third prizes, with Schippehen and Unser Fritz, and Miss Pigote, whose ch Belle Blonde still maintains her unbeatable record, took second with Nerso (96).

The pocket beagles, too, were a fascinating class that attracted much admiration. Frenzy (95), exhibited by Sir E. C. Boehm, is one of the best that has been benched of its size, and the brace sent by Mrs. Oughton Giles were envied by many a beagle fancier. Mr. Crofton, in the *Field*, about a week back, wrote in defence of the colour, "black and tan," which he claims "is a hound colour," and one of the oldest, and he further declares that the Beagle Club recognises "any hound colour." Mr. Crofton deprecates, and very properly, the growing tendency to cultivate "extraordinary length of ear," which, though being very beautiful on the show bench, are, as he says, "trying for hounds in furze and brier."

Why have the executive of shows to complain of the dearth of entries in various breeds? Doubtless because of the lack of fresh judges, for no sooner is a new man advertised to adjudicate in any variety than we see a record entry such as that which greeted Mr. Krehl, in bloodhounds, at Cruft's. Considering the marvellous entry, and its quality, it is a matter of regret that Mr. Krehl did not go for any one class of animal. On looking at his awards, I find both the big and coarse hound taking prizes

befallen an American owner of a St. Bernard. But the mother seems to be quite cheerful under it, and is getting on as well as could be expected under such conditions, and so, too, are the puppies, who, with the assistance of three foster mothers, look as if they were all going to live.

It is not an easy matter to get a bitch that is already suckling a family to take kindly to another strange litter from another family, especially if the litter be younger than her own puppies.



WOLVERLEY JOCK.

But a friendly amateur has bethought him of the very simple and common-sense device of exciting maternal pity, and leaving it to the bitch to do of herself, out of natural kindheartedness, what she might refuse to do if asked. His plan is to leave the puppy somewhere near the suckling mother, and when the latter hears the little stranger's cries for food her uneasiness compels her to look for it, and when found she at once adopts it, and the adopted one becomes the favourite.



Photo. by Mont Jacobs,

TINSEY.

Liverpool.

with the lean and weedy. It was noticeable, too, that he preferred the basset-headed hound to the long, lean, pointed head (which Mr. Brough has made so popular).

Champion WOLVERLEY JOCK, the prize-winning Skye terrier, whose portrait is here given, is the property of Mrs. W. J. Hughes, of Wolverley, Kidderminster, and a dog of her own breeding, by ch Laird Duncan (32,421), from the elegantly typical Wolverley Cronie (37,272). Wolverley Jock has a marvellous coat of light silver grey, travels very low to the ground, has great length of body, and is very strong in bone, and carries a true Skye head and expression. Mrs. Hughes's kennel of this variety is the finest in England, and contains no dogs that are not winners.

Imagine a bitch presenting you with nineteen puppies, and St. Bernards, too! Such is the calamity that is said to have

TWO NOTED PRIZE-WINNERS.



MAJESTIC AND TIGER QUEEN.



Photo. by W. H. Pugh, VLADIMIR. Liverpool.

Samoyedi dogs are so rarely met with in England that it is a pleasure to be able to give the picture of TINSEY, a very representative specimen owned by Mr. Frank Sewell, of Liverpool. Tinsey has a coat of rich sable brown, of magnificent texture, the undercoat of which is so dense that he looks like an amiable silky-woolly bear-skin. His disposition is that of a turtle-dove, combined with the sagacity of a really intelligent dog, and he is much loved by his owner, who imported him as a puppy.

Mr. Morley Allanson is a member of the committee of the Great Dane Club, and a capital judge of the breed, having owned the noted winners, Mammoth Queen, Tiger Queen, Lady Flora, Godrick, and Baron of Danes. Two of his dogs are shown in

one of our illustrations. These are MAJESTIC, a very notable prize winner, and TIGER QUEEN, another well-known bench favourite.

Among Mr. Allanson's other possessions is Lady Vera, a dog of remarkable endurance, as she has covered on several occasions a distance of over forty miles in a day with her master on his bicycle.

VLADIMIR, the poodle, whose portrait is also given, belongs to Miss Houlgrave, and is the winner of many prizes, among the latest being a first at Liverpool and a first at Birkenhead.

He is a dog of rather exceptional cleverness, even in so intelligent a breed, and he displays a somewhat unusual and curious gentleness towards smaller dogs. One of his particular chums is a little Blenheim, and it is of the two dogs that the following story is told. One afternoon someone had let the spaniel through the gate into the garden, but had forgotten to let her out again. She tried for some time, but in vain, to jump the wire netting. It was an easy jump for Vladimir; he had been looking on all the time, and seeing his little friend in distress, he jumped on the netting and crushed it down, so as to enable the spaniel to jump over it and get free!

Notwithstanding the cuckoo-cry that the specialist clubs are the ruin of the breeds they specialise, two new clubs have sprouted green and strong with the mild weather of the month. One is for the jolly little toy terrier—an "artificial" breed, some say, but what of that? How many so-called "breeds" are anything else? They are becoming so popular we wish the club every success. The other is a second club of sporting spaniels, of which, as a matter of fact, we can never have too many.

I hear, too, that the Aberdeen terrier, which has suddenly come to the front as a dog of high degree, may have a club soon.

All writers on terriers seem to be agreed that the Aberdeen terrier is the same as some other terriers. But ten years ago there was no "Airedale" terrier, and even now it would take a wise man to say what the difference is between an Airedale born and bred in Wales and a Welsh terrier born and bred in the dale of the Aire; or between the pair of them and the old English terrier born and bred either in Wales or "Airedale."

BOATING AT ETON. THE FIRST OF MARCH

A VERY conspicuous feature in connection with rowing in this country is the extraordinary preponderance of Eton men among the leading amateur oarsmen. Eton stands out *facile princeps* as the great school for producing rowers, and has long since given the go-by to her whilom rival on the river—Westminster—which at one time was a very good second in producing good oarsmen. It is quite an ordinary thing nowadays to find at least half of the two University crews competing at Putney composed of men who at Henry's holy shade were "foremost in delight to cleave with pliant arm the glassy wave" of Father Thames; and it is commonly accepted on the banks of the Cam and Isis that an Eton man chosen to row in the Trial Eights has at least 6 to 4 the best of it with competitors from other schools when the choice comes to be made as to who are to be the few lucky ones to fill the vacant thwarts of the eight to do battle on the London water.

The first of March is a red-letter day in the calendar of the boating section of Etonians. These are known in the school vernacular as "wet bobs": a term, by the way, which is indigenous to Eton, though of late frequently misused in connection with men at Oxford and Cambridge.

On the first of March "the boats"—that is to say, one ten-oar and the eight-oared boats, or most of them that take part in the great annual water procession on the evening of the



Photo. by Charles Hussey.

ON THE RAFT.

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4th of June—go up the river in procession, between twelve and two o'clock, to inaugurate the commencement of the boating season.

"The boats," it may parenthetically be observed, are the select of those who make boating, as against cricket, their particular pastime while at Eton. Certain, in fact the sixty-six best oarsmen of the "wet bobs" are chosen by the gentleman who occupies the coveted position of the "Captain of the



Photo. by C. Hussey. GETTING READY.

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boats" to fill the one ten-oar and seven eight-oar boats that constitute the procession on the great gala day of Eton aquatics, the 4th of June.

From time immemorial there have been these aquatic processions at Eton, and George III. was unfailing in his attendance at the various encounters that were in those days accustomed to take place between Eton and other schools on the Thames at Windsor.

As a matter of course, the summer costume of fancy boating shirts and hats is not worn on the opening day. Striped flannel shirts and caps, with the comfortable white over-jersey or sweater, constitute the uniform adopted on this occasion, a much more reasonable arrangement, it must be admitted, for the time of year, as those who have watched the gaily-dressed crews leave the Brocas on the evening of a 4th of June can very well understand.

In years gone by there were other boating celebrations besides that held on the river on the anniversary of the birthday of King George III. On certain nights, called for some reason

check-nights, the boats rowed up in procession, and supped at Surley, just as they do now on the great gala day; while the last Saturday of the summer schooltime, known as Election Saturday, was for many years observed as a sort of miniature 4th of June. All the encoenia, so to speak, of the 4th of June, the great day in the aquatic world at Eton, have their origin in the countenance that George III. gave to rowing at Eton.

Naturally it makes an enormous amount of difference whether the blustering month comes in like a lion or a lamb—whether the weather is of the wintry stamp or of that balmy mildness which occasionally ushers in the month preparatory to the time of furious equinoctial gales and bitter biting winds.

"When the day is soft and balmy, and the gentle breezes blow," it is a very pretty sight to see the boats go up to Boveney lock; but a good deal of the glamour is taken off the show when the river is rough, a bitter north-easter blowing for all it is worth, the sky dull and heavy, and sleet showers unpleasantly frequent.

This latter description fairly fits the weather of "the first" this year, and, consequently, our artist was not enabled to take any very great selection of photographs of the crews; but three of those taken were reproduceable, and are given herewith.



Photo. by C. Hussey. PADDLING OUT.

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ROMFORD AND ITS MARKET.

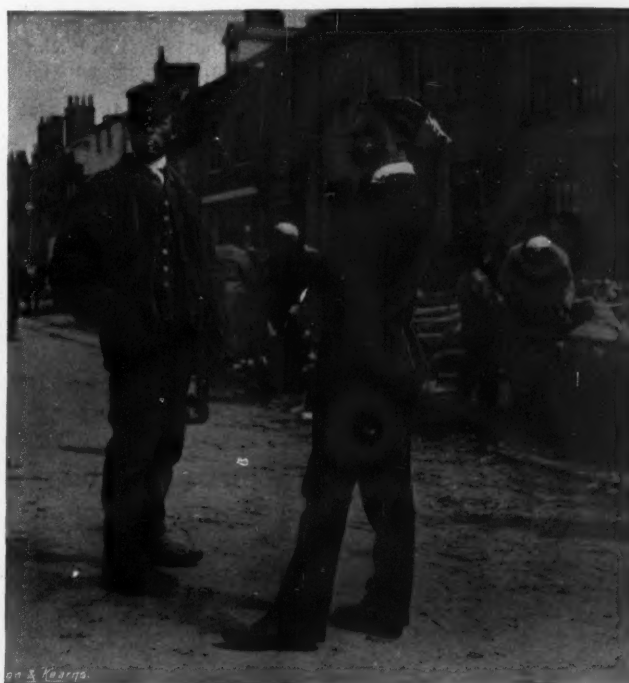
THERE are few institutions in this country which can boast of a useful and unbroken existence for six and a-half centuries; yet this is the record of Romford Market. It was established, by Henry III., in the year 1247, to provide a ready means for disposing of the leather manufactures for which the (now) adjoining parish of Hornchurch, of which Romford at that time formed a part, was so celebrated. But the antiquarian interest of the whole neighbourhood is very great; there is hardly a local name which is not redolent of times long gone by. Havering, with the memories of its Royal residents: of Edward the Confessor, who died there; of Maud, the noble-hearted Queen; of Henry I.; of Eleanor of Castile, the much-beloved consort of Edward I., the *chère reine* from whom Charing Cross derives its name as the last resting place of her dead body on its way to Westminster; of Joan of Navarre, and of many other queens and kings. Chadwell Heath preserves, after twelve hundred years, the name of the "Apostle of Essex," the missionary monk from Lindisfarne. Hornchurch still reminds us of William of Wykeham, who purchased much of the land in the district for the endowment of his "Seinte Marie College of Wynchester in Oxenforde" (New College Oxford, to whom the land still belongs).

In 1566 one of the churchwardens of Hornchurch was arraigned before the Archdeacon "for bringing into the church certeyn players the which did play;" and his vicar conducted the service so ill, that Whitgift (presumably the Archbishop) says of him "He pasteth it (the service) over as fast as he can gallop . . . for there are some games to be played in the afternoon, as lying for the whetstone, heathenish dauncing for the ring, a beare or a bull to be bayted, or else jackanapes to ride on horseback, or an interlude to be played; and if no place else can be gotten it must be done in the church." Truly it was about time these festive old sportsmen got a rap over the knuckles from their ecclesiastical superiors.

Romford itself, the *Durolitum* of Roman times, is full of interest. It was at the Queen's Head here, as the old fourteenth-century ballad tells us, that "the pretty Bessie," the lovely daughter of "the Blind Beggar of Bednall Greene," was so hospitably entreated when she passed through "Rumford" on her pilgrimage in search of fortune. In 1568 Queen Elizabeth paid a visit in great state to Gidea Hall, Romford (then the seat of Sir Anthony Coke), and without doubt "Her Grace's Maiestie"

was frequently through the town on her way to and from her palace at Havering, where she so often stayed.

The chronicles of the town during the "spacious times" of "good Queen Bess," are most entertaining reading, but I have only space for one or two samples. For instance, we find that one, Matthew Fisher, of Romford, was charged with "being detected playing at stool-ball during service time, and gave uncivil words to the churchwarden. Ordered to pay xii. pence to the poor." The effect of such drastic proceedings is still to



Ph. by Hussey. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

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be seen, as modern Romfordians never, at least very seldom, stay away from church to play at stool-ball or its modern equivalent; while, as for "cheeking" churchwardens, you might as well expect them to speak disrespectfully of President Kruger. Or again, in the burial register, amongst others, is the following: "1574. September 22. Robertus Cottonus. Goonne-Powder." That laconic "goonne-powder" is delicious; even at this distance of time we cannot help feeling sorry for Robertus and the



Ph. by C. Hussey. JACK ASHORE.

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detonating tragedy which doubtless his own indiscretion with an unfamiliar explosive brought about.

In 1599 a well-known comedian, William Kemp, danced the morris from London to Norwich. In the following year he published a pamphlet, to give an account of his performance, as well as to refute the disparaging statements certain "witless-beetle heads," as he calls them, had made concerning his achievement. I cannot resist a short quotation from this pamphlet, though I must, at the same time, disclaim any responsibility for Kemp's orthographic eccentricities. After



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Ph. by Hussey. "THE CONTRARY BASTE."

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describing how he began "frolickly to foote it," this gentle idiot goes on:—"From Ilford by Mooneshine I set forward dauncing within a quarter of a mile of Romford, where, in the highway, two strong jades (having belike some greate quarrell to me vnkowne) were beating and byting either of other: and such through God's helpe was my good hap that I escaped their hoofes, both being raysted with their fore feet ouer my head like two smithes ouer an anuyle." Certainly, if this is William's true form, he would want a bit of handicapping in that "lying for the Whetstone" competition which got the Vicar of Hornchurch into such trouble.

And to-day Romford Market (which is held every Wednesday) provides those who desire to study for pleasure, amusement, or profit the "funny little ways" of either men or animals with almost unequalled facilities for such a pursuit, and to the town dweller in search of a new sensation a visit can be strongly and confidently recommended. It is within driving distance of the metropolis, and so, side by side with the quack doctor from Hoxton or Whitechapel, to whom market-day is a "die aht," pleasant as well as profitable, may be found the Essex yokel, whose business is to sell "they 'oggets" (which, by the way, are



Ph. by C. Hussey. "J'Y SUIS, ET J'Y RESTE."

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sheep, and not small hogs, as their name might at first sight lead the uninitiated to imply). Here, too, are to be found the dealers in every conceivable commodity, in old iron, in sponges, in harness (new and second-hand), the sweetstuff stall, the rope-maker and basket-weaver, the purveyor of medicines both for man and beast, the agricultural implement maker, and the cheap Jew clothier from Petticoat Lane; and, of course, besides, numerous buyers and sellers of poultry, horses, cattle, pigs, goats, sheep, and every domestic animal one could mention.

Nor amongst this heterogeneous mass of humanity, all bent on "making a bit," are the Services unworthily represented, for the market-place is the happy hunting ground of the bold recruiting-sergeant, who is doing his utmost to induce our bucolic friend to take the Queen's shilling and become one of the gallant "flat-irons." It is the old tale of THE SPIDER AND THE FLY over again.

On the side walk is JACK ASHORE, gleefully expatiating on the merits of the two splendid geese which he has bought as a little surprise present for the dear old mother in her little cottage away up on the common.

A visit to the pig market will surely shake our faith in the powers of observation of the naturalist who selected the mule as the type of obstinacy, and we shall be drawn to the conclusion that the means with which Nature has endowed the mule for emphasizing his views on any question at issue between himself and his master have created an undue amount of prejudice in his favour, and that the pig, not being furnished with "heels," has had his claim for the championship of the brute creation for pure, unmitigated "cussedness" somewhat overlooked in consequence.

Troublesome to deal with as sheep and cattle un-



PERSUASION IS BETTER THAN FORCE.

doubtedly are in a crowded thoroughfare, Master Piggy can give the worst of them a long start and a beating; indeed, a properly-constituted pig, with his regulation double-dose of original sin, fit, and well and trying, would represent the mule at 5st. 7lb., and it is odds on the pig even at that.

Sometimes, as in our illustration, he appears all right; but "trust him not, he is fooling thee." As soon as he gets half a chance he drops his SUNDAY MANNERS, and is off *ventre à terre* up the market place, and then catch him who can.

Over go the stalls, in and out of the shops he dodges, men swearing, dogs barking and coursing him for all they are worth.

At last, when poor piggy is cornered by his breathless pursuers, does he cave in gracefully? Not he, the drover may shower imprecations on his head, may implore "the devil to fly away with him," for THE CONTRARY BASTE he undoubtedly is; but piggy, with arched back and lowered crest, turns a bold front to the foe, prepared to do or die.

This is their opportunity; but he wants a lot of catching even now. It is just a shade of odds on the pig running between the man's legs, or capsizing him by some other artful and original device, before he is finally caught. The pig of our illustration actually did so.

"Imprecations won't catch pigs," is an axiom which may well be recommended to the favourable consideration of parties interested; but from the observation of the method of many drovers, most of them men of very considerable oburgatory accomplishments, with a perfectly wonderful fluency, richness, and originality of expression, I have come to the conclusion that the "cuss" word which will have any effect on the pig has yet to be invented.

And even when Master Piggy is fairly caught, he is a nice little "handfull": he will put his fore-feet straight out. Like a celebrated duke, he adopts as his motto, "J'y suis, et j'y reste," and it is all two men's work to do anything with him.

He doesn't mean moving, and when that is the case, with all the pointed superiority of the human race, the genus man had better give in, for it is a thousand to one when the finish comes that piggy has to be registered the victor on the tussle.



Photo. by C. Hussey. A FORCED DRAUGHT.

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And the innocent-looking calf, too (the other animal I have selected for illustration), also possesses the trick of putting his feet down and refusing. The photograph here reproduced, entitled, PERSUASION IS BETTER THAN FORCE, gives a good idea of this little trick, and also the skilful and artistic manner in which the difficulty it creates is overcome by the drover.

But, shade of Sir Wilfrid! What is this we see? What a marine engineer, a bit of a wag in his way, calls A FORCED DRAUGHT. A dealer is endeavouring to feed a calf (whom commercial exigencies have deprived of maternal support) with a pint of stout—above all things—from the brewery, close by. But teetotalers, however shocked they may be, can take heart of grace, for, as our picture shows, the calf does not like the stout (silly calf!) and the united efforts of a man and a boy are required to make him swallow it.

A few steps farther on I found a companion picture of NATURAL DRAUGHT with which to complete the engineering simile.

Sheep, too, are very troublesome; they will run the wrong way, block up the road, and generally cause as much bother and trouble as possible.

Who does not know the ways of the old bell-wether who, under ordinary circumstances perfectly content to go as required, absolutely refuses, at the slightest hint that he is desired to make a move up some by-street, to proceed in that direction, and instantly discovers that the opposite direction is the only one in which he has any intention of proceeding.



Photo. by C. Hussey. NATURAL DRAUGHT.

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But those who desire to know more of these things and the fun (to other people) to which they give rise, should go and see for themselves. The whole subject of Romford and its Market is so vast, and withal so entertaining, that neither one article nor one visit can do justice to matters so diverse, to incidents so ludicrous, and sometimes so pathetic, as are to be found there in abundance on any Wednesday; and though the visitor may not be a purchaser (curious, indeed, would be his requirements if Romford could not fill them); yet, given a small sense of humour, he will be furnished with an abundant supply of material for reflection and amusement by a Wednesday stroll round Romford and its Market.

CHARLES HUSSEY.

COUNTRY HOMES: PAIN'S HILL.—II.

MUCH would the creator of Pain's Hill have given to see the place in its glory to-day; the trees which he planted grown to giant proportions, the hills embosomed in their many-tinted foliage, his winding lake, with its water-lilies and snowy swans, reflecting the dense woods that overhang. His islands remain in the sylvan beauty that he certainly foresaw, and his picturesque bridges are there to grace the scene that he wholly conceived; but his Doric Temple of Bacchus, with its often repeated crest of the house of Hamilton, together with his grotto, his Roman mausoleum, and the ruined hermitage, are but memorials of a bygone day.

This last, said Walpole, was an attraction "whose merits soonest fades, it being almost comic to set aside a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in." A very notable leaden statue of the Rape of Persephone still stands on Wood Hill, in the park, where he placed it; and nearer the house, amid the flower beds, is a curiously sculptured vase, with grinning monkeys for its supporters, the heads of the four seasons for handles, and a basket of fruit and flowers on the top, with a fox in the midst. But the vineyard has gone, and the slope of the wooded hill is pointed out as the spot where it prospered under his skilful hand.

The Hon. Charles Hamilton lived some years at Pain's Hill, delighted in its creation, and in constant communication with the owners of many country seats who were developing their estates in the natural style to which he had devoted long and enthusiastic study. He afterwards retired to Bath, and died there, at an advanced age, in 1787; having meanwhile sold his Surrey seat to Mr. Benjamin Bond Hopkins, who built the present house in the plain style of architecture which was prevalent in his time. Mr. Hopkins, who was thrice married, but left no legitimate male issue, was a somewhat eccentric character. His wealth was great, for he inherited a vast property under the will of a relative whose rapacity won him the title of "Vulture" Hopkins, and whose death was seized upon by Pope to point a moral in his essay "On the Use of Riches," where he asks:

"What can they give to dying Hopkins' heirs?"

After passing through the hands of two other possessors,

Pain's Hill was purchased by the second Earl of Carhampton, who lived there until his death in 1821. The Earl was a general in the Army and colonel of the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers). In his younger days, as Colonel Luttrell, he had played a prominent part in the singular constitutional drama of the election of John Wilkes, the worthless profligate, who forced reforms on the Crown. When Wilkes's election was unconstitutionally annulled by Parliament, the colonel opposed his



WOOD HILL.

re-election in Middlesex, and, when Wilkes was again returned by a large majority, the House proceeded, usurping the right, to elect Luttrell in his place. The outcome of this curious incident is well known. But the thunders of the malcontents had long been silenced when the Earl of Carhampton took up his residence at Pain's Hill. His wife, an Irish lady, and daughter of Mr. George Boyd, reputed to be one of the most beautiful women of the age, continued to live in this charming abode for ten years after her husband's death.

The countess's successor, Mr. Cooper, further beautified the



VIEW FROM THE TERRACE.



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PAIN'S HILL; THE LAKE

Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

house, Mr. Decimus Burton, the well-known architect, being employed to direct the work; and at this time the grounds immediately adjoining the house, and the rosary near the magnificent cedars on the terrace, were greatly improved and adorned. It was he, too, who replaced the mechanism which Mr. Hamilton had devised for raising the waters of the Mole to feed the lake, by a large iron wheel, which is made to revolve by the water passing through a cutting from the river. Its revolution works a set of cranks in a house embosomed amid the trees, and these operate a series of pumps fully sufficing for the purpose. Subsequent possessors have happily contrived to maintain and enhance the beauties of the place, and now, in the hands of Mr. Cushny, it is one of the most attractive seats in Surrey.

Pain's Hill must therefore be regarded as an example of what taste and skill can accomplish in creating a surpassingly beautiful landscape out of "a most cursed hill." The methods were artificial, and artificial they still remain; but who is there that will not applaud the art that can create such charming scenes as these? The place occupies, indeed, an important position in the history of landscape gardening. Mason, who wrote his "Design in Gardening" before 1795, had a high appreciation of it, and ranked Mr. Hamilton with Southcote, Lyttleton, Pitt, Shenstone, Morris, and Wright; but said,

curiously, that their work and "all that has been written on the subject, even the gardening didactic poem, and the didactic essay on the picturesque," had proceeded from the style and teachings of Kent. To London, Pain's Hill was an illustration of creative genius. Price, in his "Essays on the Picturesque," says he had understood that Mr. Hamilton had studied pictures "for the express purpose of improving real landscape." Here, then, was to be seen the influence of Poussin and Claude. Its author had been inspired, too, by Tasso's description of the garden of Armida, and had even taken an example from Homer. We may smile at such conceits, but still the effect remains, from whatever source the charm was originally drawn. The graceful meadow-sweeps, the belts and clumps of trees, the hanging woods, and the winding waters form a picture wholly satisfying to the eye. Small wonder, then, that Pain's Hill and its neighbourhood are famous among the picturesque regions of Surrey. Matthew Arnold, who dwelt in a house near by—looking up, in fact, through the park at Pain's Hill—rejoiced in these scenes, where Nature and Art together have worked most happily. It is a chosen district of the county, where splendid seats and glowing woods, swelling hills and well-cultivated hollows, present a series of beautiful and varied landscapes which have the real English charm.



being a continuation of the shaft. The result is that I have seen the strangest misses of short putts with these dogs'-legs—seen the ball played half way, in a putt of a foot; seen it knocked right to one side of the hole, because the putter had not struck it till the stroke was practically finished."

"And what is your opinion, my dear sir, of the T-shaped putter with which Mr. Lawford, who used to be one of the champion lawn-tennis players, holes out so wonderfully, letting it waggle like a pendulum between his legs?"

"Not golf at all; not golf at all, playing between your legs!" the colonel replied, decidedly.

"But, surely, my dear sir," the professor argued, "the laws say nothing relative to the fashion of the club with which the game is to be played. One is permitted, so far as I am aware, to play with any sort of weapon that pleases one. I have even heard it argued that a man is at liberty, if he choose, to lie down on the putting green and hole out with a billiard cue?"

"The law of golf, Flegg, is in many instances entitled to no exception from that verdict which Mr. Bumble passed upon the law in general. It is an ass. If a man, when he is playing at what he is pleased to call golf with me, chooses to grovel on his stomach, like a serpent, or to play with any kind of weapon other than a golf club, he is welcome to do so. But for my own part, when I play against a man at golf I choose to play against a man who uses golf clubs; and if he resorts to any of those infernal machines that are not golf clubs, it will be his loss, for I shall never play with him again."

To this magnificent conclusion there was no answer to be returned; and Mr. Flegg, by way of a diversion, asked the colonel, in his most dulcet tones, what the proper course of action was if two players in a match both lost their ball off the tee.

"Lose the hole," growled the colonel.

"Which?" enquired the professor.

"Both," rejoined the man of war, briefly.

"Which is equivalent to saying neither," the man of learning commented.

"All disputes are settled by the green committee," said the colonel, unanswerably.

"But I have seen you, my dear sir, acting as referee."

"Bless you, yes; I don't mind that. You have a free hand. The law is such an ass it has not even settled what a referee's duties are, though golf has been going some six hundred historical years."

"Do you remember the free-handed referee at St. Andrews?" asked young Bob.

"Free-handed referee," said his uncle tetchily. He was in a testy humour, having lost both his golf matches of the day. "What's the meaning of a free-handed referee? For heaven's sake don't talk in riddles."

"The big caddie," Bob explained. "Don't you remember? It was in that professionals' match, and some row or another came on—a dispute about the rules—which was summarily



BOGEY.

settled by the big caddie. 'A-weel,' he said, having already stated his view with some emphasis. 'A-weel, yon's the rule o' the game; and,' he added, holding up an enormous fist, and shaking it in the face of the friend that ventured to disagree with him, 'and there's the referee!'

"Excellent, my dear sir, excellent!" said the professor. "The ultimate court of appeal! I presume that after that all discussion of the point was ended?"

"Certainly," said Bob. "There was nothing more to say."

(To be continued.)

In reference to our Golf correspondent's notes which appeared under the heading "On the Green" in our issue of January 23rd, Mr. W. Park, jun., of Musselburgh, writes as follows:—"I notice that you state that J. White, of Mitcham, defeated me in a match at Musselburgh. Permit me to say that this statement is erroneous. White did not even visit Musselburgh during his recent tour in Scotland, and I have never played against him over any green."

SANDOWN PARK MARCH MEETING.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

KEYNSHAM GOING OUT.

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THE afternoon of the one-day Sandown Park Club March Meeting on which the illustrations which appear under this heading were taken was all that could be desired from the weather point of view; in fact, it was one of the few days on which photography has so far been possible this year. The card contained no especial attraction, but the attendance was both large and fashionable. Except for the race which closed overnight, which was won by Seawall, and of which our artist obtained two excellent representations, there were no large fields. Last year's winner of the Grand National, The Soarer, was engaged in the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, but he did not put in an appearance. The Warren Flat Race was the first event, and in this Warrington was seen for the first time since he won upon this course in December. He was then purchased by Mr. A. H. Hudson, and odds were

now laid on him to dispose of his four opponents. Warrington, who took up the running a mile from home, was followed by Keynsham, who took the lead in the straight, and at one time looked like upsetting the odds, as, coming up the straight, the mare took a decided lead. The advantage was, however, not retained for more than a hundred yards, and at the finish the favourite won fairly easily.

The field for the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase cut down to four. Seaport II. was soon established an odds-on chance from Caustic, and in this small muster as much as 20 to 1 went begging against Balzac. More than once Seaport II. alarmed his backers by some indifferent jumping, as will be seen from our illustration, where he is literally running through the fence after the water the second time round, and it was not until half a mile from home that he settled down into a satisfactory style. Of the nine subscribers to the Lammas Selling Hurdle Race Dissenter and Seawall were very close together upon public running. King's Own, who had twice hit the mark at Manchester before becoming the property of Lord Shrewsbury, opened an odds-on chance. He was driven back in the market by the demand for Dissenter and Seawall, to say nothing of the outside support accorded to Brief and Jolly Hampton. For the first half of the journey King's Own was jumping too big, and then by way of a change he got too close to the hurdle near the entrance gate and did not rise sufficiently. To all appearance Williamson had a bad fall, and it was doubly surprising, therefore, when he came round in a very few minutes and rode in the following race. The erratic Cariboo shut up at the bottom turn, after which Jolly Hampton and Shelley in turn threatened danger until Seawall drew out an easy winner.

The eight taking part in the Aiselle Hurdle Handicap included Pomade Divine and Castle Or, both of whom had run at Lingfield. They were reckoned of little account, and

THE LIVERPOOL TRIAL STEEPLECHASE.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

OVER THE WATER.

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THE SECOND TIME ROUND.

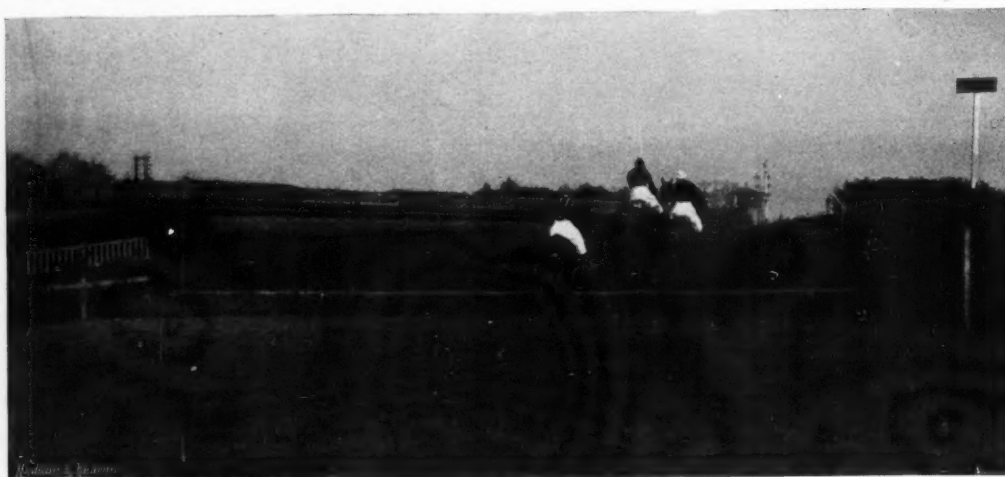


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

AFTER THE WATER

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Lord of the Dale, on the strength of his second to Carriden at Leicester, was in chief demand from Sicily Queen and Linhope. The last-named pair were "out by themselves" at the entrance to the rails, and it was only a question of keeping Sicily Queen straight to ensure the verdict. This young mare was hanging very much, and when she took the law into her own hands at the last hurdles and bolted to the left (as our illustration shows) she threw Linhope out of his stride. The upshot was that Lord of the Dale and Head Lad caught him in turn, and the latter achieved a very lucky victory. Lambel was an absentee for the Grange Selling Steeplechase, for which his stable companion, Esher, however, put in an appearance. Lal Lal was substantially backed, her connections having every confidence in her ability to jump the country. Nor were her qualities in this respect underrated, as she laid in front from start to finish, and did not put a foot wrong in any part of the journey. Esher could never once get on terms, and he finally resigned second place to Silver Mark. In a weak field for the South

THE SUMMER HURDLE RACE

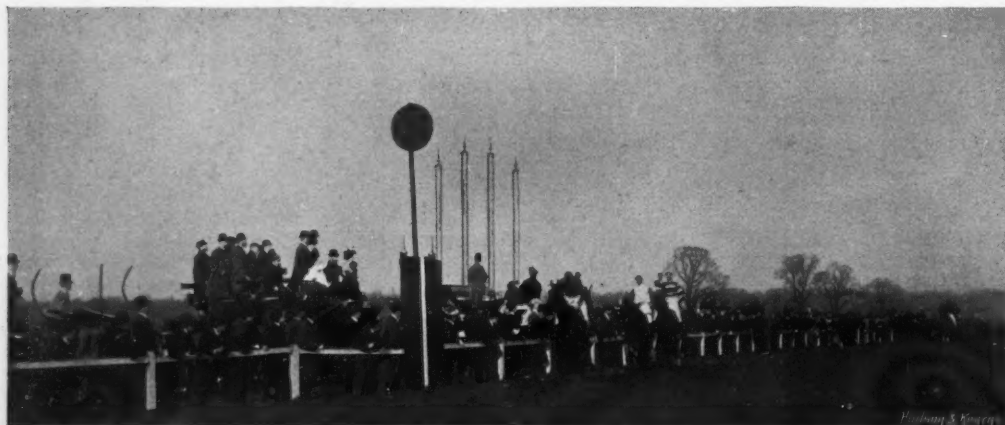


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

SEAWALL WINS!

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Western Railway Steeplechase, Escott supplied a warm favourite in Athelwulf, Brawl being in next request of the remainder. Both were, however, bowled over, as Athelwulf

in vain tried to "hold" Loppy from the bottom turn, and Sir William Ingram's horse sailed home the easiest of winners from Brawl.

THE HACKNEY HORSE SHOW.

OF the many shows held from time to time at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the Hackney Show holds a very prominent place in public favour.

The thirteenth annual show held last week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was in every way a conspicuous success. There was a large attendance of the general public, and in the afternoon of the first day there was scarcely a vacant chair to be seen in the stands, and the space round the show ring was well filled. From this it will be seen that whatever objection there may be to the introduction of Hackney blood into Ireland, the breed has lost none of its popularity here. Many ladies put in an appearance, and the show was graced by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Victoria of Wales. Many well-known faces of breeders and exhibitors of Hackneys were noticed round the ring, and included amongst the company were Lord Egerton of Tatton, Lord Dunraven, Sir Walter Gilbey, Lord Rathdonnel, and others.

The classes judged on the first day were the stallions. The judges were Mr. Alfred Craggy, of North Newbold, Brough, Yorks; Mr. Alexander Morton, of Darvel, Ayrshire; and Mr. Alfred Rowell, of West Rudham, Swaffham, Norfolk. As was the case at the Shire Society's Show, the judges officiated in pairs, one standing out in every class. First blood went to Yorkshire, the winner of Class 1 turning up in Mr. Tom Mitchell's bay colt Islington. The second prize was taken by St. Mellons, a chesnut, exhibited by Mr. H. B. Cory, of Cardiff, preferred by some to the winner. In Class 2, for two year old stallions, Mr. Tom Mitchell scored again, his nice bay, Edemynag—victor in the yearling class in 1896—again coming out best. Successor, exhibited by Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P., was second; Sir Walter Gilbey's Gay Danegelt being placed third.

In the class for three year old stallions, 15 hands and over, Sir Walter Gilbey's champion, Royal Danegelt (who last year took here a first, a cup, and was "reserve" for the Challenge Cup, besides winning the Society's gold medal at Leicester) was awarded the first prize. He is a very good-looking chesnut. Matchbox, who is Yorkshire bred and owned, and, like the winner, a chesnut, but with rather a plain head, was second. It was a coincidence worth noting that he is marked almost exactly like Royal

THE AISSELE HURDLE RACE.

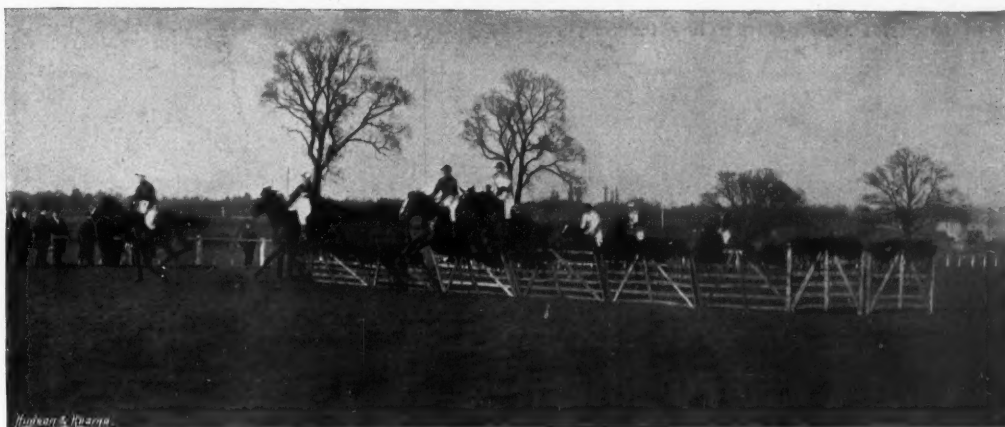


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

POMADE DIVINE SHOWING THE WAY. C p. right—"COUNTRY LIFE."

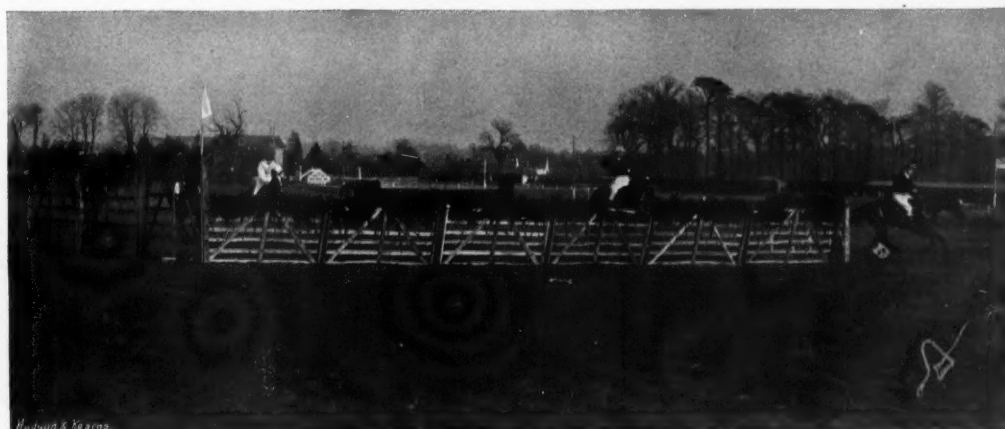


Photo by W. A. Rouch.

SICILY QUEEN RUNNING OUT.

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THE GRANGE STEEPLECHASE.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE FENCE BELOW THE STAND.

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Danegelt, both having the near fore coronet white, and two white socks behind, the only difference being that the star on the winner's forehead is slightly smaller.

In Class 5, for stallions foaled in or before 1893, over 14 and not exceeding 15 hands, the winner, Mr. Whittick's Winnal Fireaway, bred in Lancashire, is a black seven year old son of Fireaway, with very taking stylish action. Second honours went to the Earl of Lonsborough's Polonius, and the third

prize was taken by Mr. W. Sugden's Coldspring Duke.

The second day of the show was very wet, but that did not seem to have any very detrimental effect on the attendance, which was again very good. In Class 6, Gentleman John, by Lord Derby II., a nice stylish brown, who was second in the class in 1896, was awarded the first prize. Second honours went to Mr. F. Blanshard's bay ten year old Saxon, by Danegelt.

The first prize in Class 7, for stallions over 15-2 foaled in or before 1893, was a gift for Rosador, by Danegelt, a fine chesnut with four white socks, who has always been a great favourite with visitors to Islington. He is exhibited by his breeder, Mr. F. W. Buttle, Wharram, York. Second honours went to Rosencrantz, by Rufus, exhibited by Mr. John Hadland, of Beverley, his breeder being the Earl of Lonsborough. The classes for pony stallions were small, only four being entered in Class 9, for horses not exceeding 13 hands, and the first prize was won by Mr. H. Slemmings, with Prince Consort.

Class 10 brought out a numerous contingent, the first prize going to Sir Gilbert Greenall's nice bay, Sir Horace, who took the chief award in his class last year, as well as the cup for the best pony stallion, while Mr. T. Scoby gained the second prize with his black Hexham.

In Class 8, Mr. Robt. Whitworth's Bank Note, a nice bay who trotted well, took the first prize, after a bit of a tussle with Mr. T. D. Reed's Resolution.

Then came the struggles for the stallions' special prizes. The prize of £20 and silver medal for the best stallion in Classes 1, 2, 3 and 4 was won by Sir Walter Gilbey's Royal Danegelt, the reserve rosette falling to Matchbox, who had been the runner-up to him in their class. The special prize of £20 and silver medal for the best stallion in classes 5, 6 and 7 went to Mr. F. W. Buttle, with Rosador, and the contest that thereupon ensued between the pair for the Challenge Cup and Gold Medal was a marvellously close one. Ultimately Rosador was declared the winner, amidst great cheering from his partisans; but had the verdict gone to Sir Walter Gilbey's crack he would have

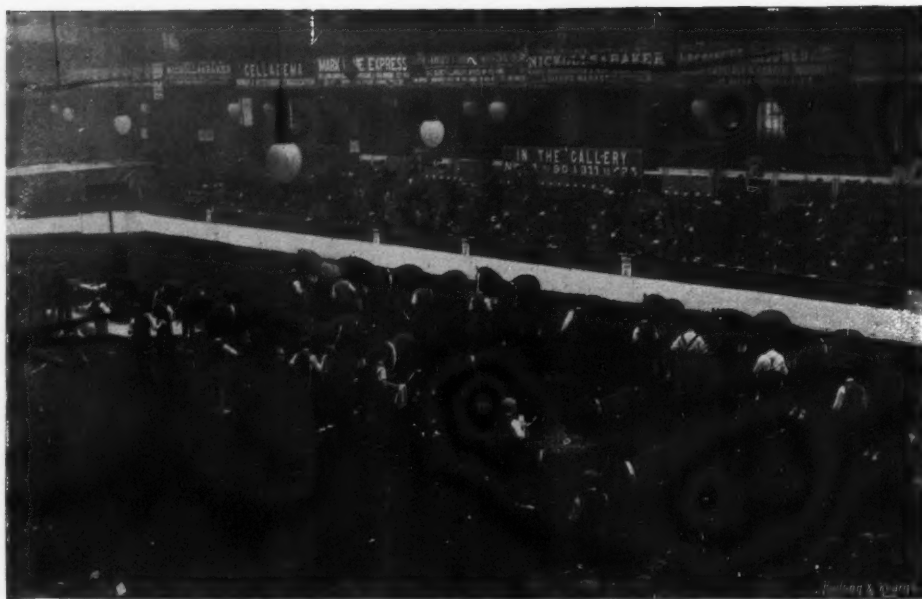


Photo. by W. A. Rouch. THE INTERIOR OF THE HALL. Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

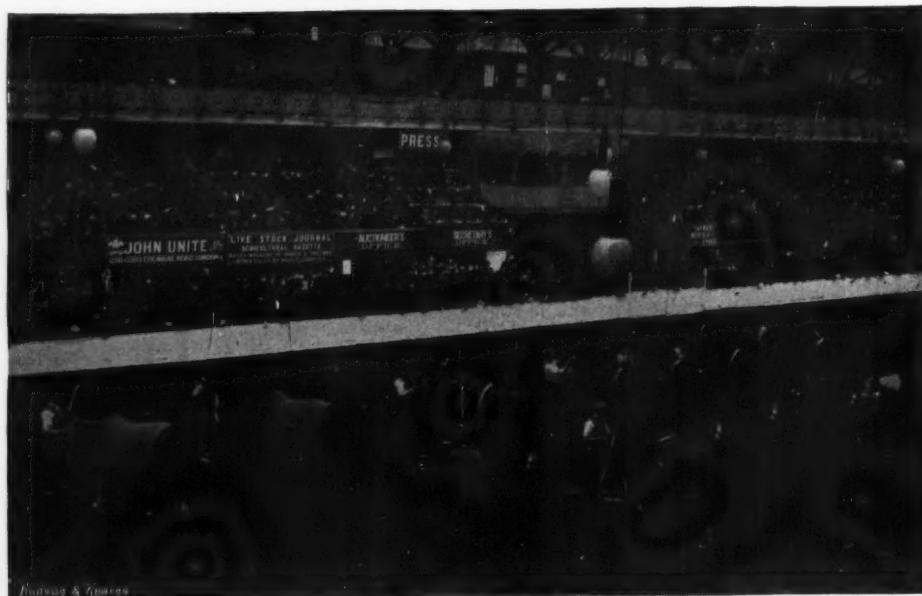


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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ROSADOR.

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undoubtedly met with a much greater reception, as his hock action was generally considered much the better of the pair. Both are fine examples of the best Hackney type, but Royal Danegelt is if anything the more conspicuous for quality, and it is hard luck indeed that he should not have supplemented his last year's "reserve" rosette for the Challenge Cup by winning it this time for Sir Walter. Sir Horace gained the special prize of £10 and silver medal for the best pony stallion, and Hexham was awarded the "reserve" ribbon. After this the mares were proceeded with, the yearlings — Class 11 — being the first to come up for judgment. The winner turned up in Lord Egerton of Tatton's well-formed chesnut Clairvoyante, by Ganymede, who trotted with good high action.

In the Class for animals foaled in or before 1893, over 15 and not exceeding 15-2

hands (having produced a foal in 1896, or being in foal), the chief award was taken by Orange Blossom, a good-looking daughter of Connaught, exhibited by Sir Gilbert Greenall, the second prize going to another daughter of Connaught in Mr. W. Waterhouse's Bonwick Belle. Their sire, it may be remembered by some, won the Challenge Cup here for stallions in 1891, and his stock are doing very well indeed, Orange Blossom having already won the second Victoria Challenge Cup here in 1894. The Cup was awarded to Sir Gilbert Greenall's representative under such unusual circumstances as to surprise the most persistent show-goers in the Hall, as in this case not one of the competitors was asked to trot, although in each other class every animal was subjected to this test. Subjecting mares in foal to severe trotting tests is certainly not to be advocated, but when

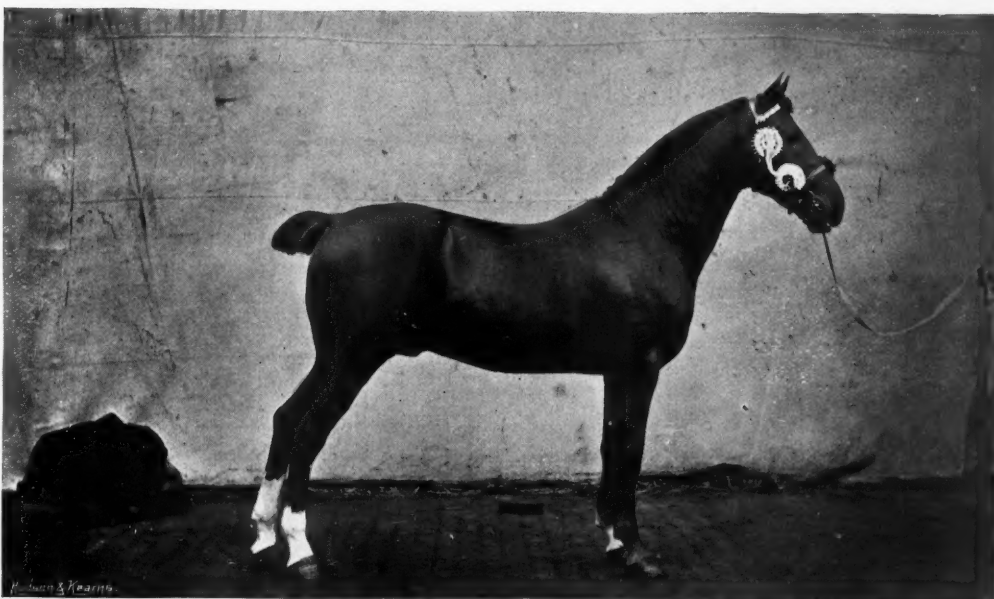


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ROYAL DANEGELT.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

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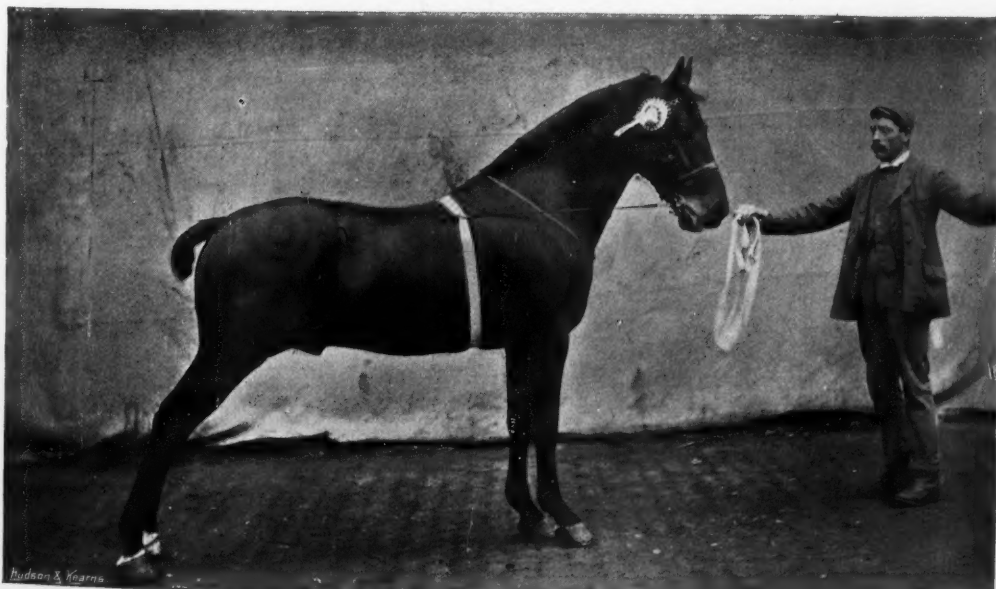


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

SIR HORACE.

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judges do so in one instance they should do so in another, and particularly when an important event like a Champion Cup is being decided.

In Class 16, for mares over 15.2, with similar conditions as to foals as the preceding class, Mr. J. W. Temple took first prize with Lady Dereham, the second going to Mr. A. C. Carr's Graceful.

In the parade of the stallions St. Mellons, the yearling second prize winner, went very well, his conqueror, Islington, seeming to go a trifle stiffly behind; while, amongst the two year olds, Edemynag went with perfect machine-like strides. The three year olds, Windsor and Gordon Pacha, then showed to advantage; but there can be no doubt that the first-named is considerably the better mover; while Royal Danegelt and Matchbox, in the class of taller three year olds, went very well, the former of the two doing his work without any of that flashy action which most pleases the ordinary spectator. He got over the ground in splendid fashion without the semblance of an effort, and if the champion, Rosador, is really better looking, as some say, it must, at all events, be granted that Royal Danegelt covers the ground faster than his conqueror.

In the awards of the mares' special prizes and Challenge Cup, the special prize of £10 and silver medal for the best in the two pony classes went to Dorothy Derby II., the special prize of £10 and silver medal for the best mare in Classes 14, 15, and 16 was taken by Orange Blossom, while the similar prize for mares in Classes 11, 12, and 13 was won by Lady Crompton (the winner in class 13) from Clairvoyante, who had won in Class 11. The Challenge Cup, value £30, and gold medal were finally awarded to Orange Blossom, her class runner up,

Don't

Bonwick Belle, again being "reserve." Thus, while the champion stallion hails from Yorkshire, the champion mare is Lancashire owned, being exhibited by Sir Gilbert Greenall; but she was actually likewise bred in Yorkshire, at Burton Pidsea, near Hull.

ROSADOR is a five year old chesnut horse, by Danegelt out of Jessie by Sir Charles. He was exhibited and bred by Mr. F. W. Buttle, of Kurkleby Manor, Wharran, York. First in class for stallions over 15-2 hands. Special prize, £20 and silver medal, for best stallions in 5, 6, 7. Challenge Cup, value £50, and Gold Medal for best stallion in the show (exclusive of Class 8, which does not compete).

ROYAL DANEGELT, three year old chesnut horse by Danegelt out of Dorothy, by Lord Derby, exhibited by Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., Elsenham Hall, Norfolk, and bred by Mr. Harry Livesey, Rotherfield, Sussex. First in Class 3 year

old stallions, 15 hands and over, special prize, £20 and silver medal, for best stallion in classes 1, 2, 3, and 4, and "reserve" for Challenge Cup and Gold Medal.

ORANGE BLOSSOM, six year old chesnut mare, by Connaught, dam by General Gordon, exhibited by Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., Walton Hall, Warrington, and bred by Mr. William Baxter, Burton Pidsea, Hull. First in class for mares over 15 but not exceeding 15-2 hands. Special prize, £10 and silver medal, for best mare in Classes 14, 15, and 16. Challenge Cup, value £30, and gold medal, as champion mare in show.

SIR HORACE, six year old bay stallion by Little Wonder II., out of Dorothy Derby by Lord Derby II.; exhibited by Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., and bred by C. W. Wilson, Esq., Rigmaden Park, Kirkby Lonsdale. First in stallion class, over 13 not exceeding 14 hands. Special prize, £10 and silver medal, for best pony stallion in show.



"WASTING."

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt."—*Hamlet*.

"CAN'T quite do it, I'm afraid, Mr. Burnish," a pale, thin, lanky, ravenous-looking lad was once heard to observe to a well-known trainer one race morning; "but I'm within three-quarters of a pound, sir—we shall 'ave to give that away, I s'pose?"

"Give nothing away, fat-head," grunted the trainer, frowning. "You must a bin breakfastin'?"

"Wishamadie if I'd 'ad anything but a warnut an' 'alf-a-pint o' warm castor-oil since the day before yesterday, sir."

"H—m," returned the other. "Had a Turkish bath?"

"Two, this blessed mornin'."

"Took a walk?"

"Fourteen mile, with three suits o' clothes on."

"H—m!" repeated his master, digging his ash-plant into the turf. "Then you shall just run to Ely an' back behind my dog-cart, an' get your toe-nails cut afterwards. I'll have you the right weight, my lad, if I have to drag out every tooth in your head, stopping an' all."

Statistics are wanting on the subject, but probably nine-tenths of the fervid boys who commence their apprenticeship in a racing stable with the determination to become Archers, Cannons, or Loateses, have a somewhat rude awakening from their dreams of fame and prosperity before very long. For he who would earn even a competence by riding racehorses must be both exceptionally gifted and exceptionally favoured of fortune. There are many drawbacks to contend against, such as flashness, dishonesty, drink, idleness, long tongue, nervousness, want of tact—but, greatest drawback of all, increasing weight, which cannot be pulled off without danger to life itself.

In the brave days of old, when Chifney and Goodison were household words, when Robinson witted the world with peerless horsemanship, and Frank Buckle celebrated the finish of the season with a goose for supper, the jockey market was not overstocked. The world travelled very well then, but not nearly as fast as at this end of the century. Fashionable middle-weights could hardly afford to build mansions, lighted from garrets to cellars by electricity; for, with fewer races to be ridden in the course of the season, there was less wealth to be accrued; moreover, riding-fees were frequently "owed." And in those days of "heats," the jockey who rode from one meeting to the other, with his saddles buckled around his waist, seldom had much wasting to do. Later on, the light-weights who rode in handicaps were for the most part boys of tender age,

whose frames had not begun to develop. It is when the "twenties" are reached that the critical question has been asked, "Can I do 7st. 7lb. or not?"

In many instances this question has to be answered in the negative; and it would be as wise for a tall, healthy, large-boned boy, with a tendency to flesh, to defy nature and attempt the impossible, as it would be for an ordinary farm-labourer to accept a job as editor of an illustrated paper. Others there be whose stunted frames and wizened faces proclaim the natural jockey; and of many of these it may be said that to mortify the flesh has never caused much trouble or anxiety. To deal with recent years only, we saw a *bonâ-fide* "old 'un" in Harvey Covey steer the winner of a recent Great Metropolitan Handicap at Epsom; whilst other light-weights of ripe age are George Bell (who rides for some of the Northern stables), Seth Chandley (the late Harry Hall's *fidus Achates*), John Wall, and James Woodburn. Mornington Cannon has more difficulty in reducing his avoirdupois than his father had; and it was towards the close of the Master of Danebury's riding career that he informed me, in the course of conversation, that he had never had a Turkish bath in his life.

"What?" I enquired, with astonishment, "Never had a Turkish bath? Then how do you manage to keep your weight down?"

A pained expression came into Tom's eyes, as he replied:—

"You get ninety-six horses to look after, and see if it won't keep *your* weight down."

John Osborne, or "Mr. John," as he is called in Yorkshire, has had, without doubt, a larger experience of race-riding than any man living. And during his career as a jockey, he—according to his own account—never once had to annoy himself, in order to get rid of the too, too solid flesh. "Plenty of riding, plenty of walking, and the plainest of living" was his system. An ordinary breakfast—toast (not too much butter), a bit of bacon, and a cup of tea—after morning exercise; an early dinner (exchanged for light luncheon when riding in public), consisting of a cut from the joint or a chop (not too many potatoes), washed down with a little sherry or Scotch whisky, well diluted—ale and stout are *Ana.hema Maranatha* for all sorts and conditions of jockeys. Then either tea (when at home) or dinner (when out). And he has always been as hard as nails, in condition, always cheery and in good health, always one of the most modest of men. And as I sat next him, at an annual luncheon given in York to the huntsmen and some of the hunting men of the

district by a rare sportsman, last Ebor Handicap day, I could not help remarking:—

"Why, Mr. John, you don't look a day older than when you, on Pretender, stole the Derby of '69 from 'Tiny' Wells on Pero Gomez!"

Such tall men as John Wells and Thomas French had considerable difficulty in reducing their weight; but although the last-named undoubtedly hastened his end by wasting, "Tiny" was by no means an enthusiastic mortifier of the flesh. He at one time had a considerable sum invested in a Birmingham business—he was born, of humble parentage, at Sutton Coldfield, close to the hardware town—and had a decent income apart from his riding fees. But jockey life was "kind to him" (as the Irish say), and he worshipped Sir Joseph Hawley. No finer or stronger effort was probably ever made by a jockey to pull a race out of the fire than by John Wells, on Lord Nelson, when he managed to make a dead heat with Comforter (ridden by Custance, then a tiny boy) for the City and Suburban of 1860. But eight years later, after "the Brusher" had won the Champagne Stakes, at Doncaster, on his old master's Blue Gown, a strange and horrible thing happened. In weighing in, the jockey's end of the beam was pulled down with so much *éclat* that Blue Gown was forthwith disqualified. We may repeat the story in brief.

Doyle, a North-country rider, who had steered Virtue, who finished second, had some sort of grudge against Sir Joseph's jockey—there were fierce feuds between North and South thirty years ago—and had noticed that in weighing out Wells had rested the toe of one of his boots on the ground. In fact, this was said to have been a by-no-means uncommon trick of his.

In weighing in, after the Champagne Stakes, Doyle noticed the same thing. The attention of the clerk of the scales was at once directed to this, and the order "toes up!" was promptly given. Down went the jockey's end of the beam with a bang, and when the 2lb. weight was placed in the scale it made so little difference that it is probable Blue Gown had carried, at the very least, 7lb. overweight, without any declaration having been made. It was afterwards stated that Wells and Fordham had started out for a long walk that morning, but whilst George had done the tramp punctiliously, Wells had sat on a stile, a mile or two short of the goal, and waited for his mate to pick him up in returning.

Poor "Brusher!" 'Ere many months he atoned for this error by winning the Derby on the same horse, and not many years later his mortal remains were placed beneath the turf in that peaceful churchyard at Kingsclere. There were few better or more successful jockeys during their palmy days for racing, but he died a poor man.

What may be called "natural" wasting has seldom worked much harm in the man who practices it, and takes care not to catch cold afterwards. A good brisk walk, in "sweaters," followed by a Turkish or vapour bath, will always rid him of as much superfluous weight as is advisable to get rid of. A favourite method of the Epsom jockeys used to be, and still is, to try and beat the "record," from the town clock at the salts town to Croydon (about nine miles), a Turkish bath, and then back by train. And only last summer Charles Rawlinson, who is getting on in years, came pounding along past my country house, in heavy clothing, on his way to Hurst Park, in the endeavour to get off two or three pounds. It is recorded of the late "Jockey" Norman—who commenced life as one of the Marquis of Exeter's post-boys, subsequently won the Two Thousand and Leger on Stockwell, and much later on finished, on King Alfred, second to Blue Gown for the Derby—that he was one of the most persistent wasters at Newmarket. He would start away in the middle of the night to walk off three or four pounds, if he wanted to ride a trial next morning.

"I can perfectly well remember," writes Custance, in his *Recollections*, "walking with Norman and Jem Goater on many occasions to Stetchworth and Dullingham, the former having twice as many sweaters as we had. He would call at Bob Union's, at Dullingham, have three parts of a pint of old beer (which very few jockeys would touch at such a time), and go a long round, perhaps three or four miles further than we did, and turn up on the course as fresh as possible. Norman was the only man I ever knew who walked wasting every day, whether he had anything to ride or not. It was quite hard work enough when you had anything to do it for, without doing it on chance; but he appeared thoroughly to enjoy the performance."

The "artificial" waster, the man who trains on physic, is, as a rule, not a long liver. We have no wish to disparage the efforts of those philanthropists who, for a nominal fee, offer to sell a nostrum which will reduce corpulence in the human frame at the rate of 28lb. or so per month. But at the same time, we should personally prefer the beef-steak and hot water *regime*, maddening as it reads. But that physic is a dangerous reducer of *avoirdupuis*—whether it be flesh, fat, muscle, or "tissue"—is certain.

To prove this we have only to take the case of poor Fred Archer. No Christian martyr, no *fakir* in scorching Hindustan, ever exercised more self-denial than did he who was popularly known as "The Tinman." I knew him somewhat intimately, and seldom saw him eat anything more substantial than a strip of toast, a biscuit, or an apple; whilst a cup of tea and half a tumbler of champagne would suffice him as liquid nutriment for the day. Medicine? He was always taking it, and the worst of physic is that it is apt to lose the required effect unless the dose be increased. It is an old and a well-known story how an esteemed and habitual follower of the Turf, who had accompanied Archer on a trip to Ireland, nearly killed himself by taking a tablespoonful of "Archer's Mixture," of which that jockey was in the habit of swallowing a wineglassful at intervals.

Whilst in Ireland, it is recorded that Archer reduced himself 6lb. between Tuesday and Thursday, in order to ride Lord Londonderry's Cambusmore, 8st. 12lb., at the Curragh. And the week after a still further reduction of 6lb. was made in his adipose tissue. Let Custance once more tell the story:—

"On mounting he received such an ovation as is seldom heard on a racecourse. It wanted five minutes to starting-time, so we had a chat. I said:

"Well, Fred, I don't know if it's the excitement from the ovation they gave you or the wasting you have done, but I never saw you look half as bad as you do now."

"He turned round, laughing, and said:

"Well, if I look bad now, how shall I look next Wednesday, when I ride St. Mirin at 8st. 6lb. in the Cambridge-shire?"

"On board the mail-steamer on our way back, I said to Archer:

"You don't mean to say you're going to ride 8st. 6lb. next week?"

"He answered me:

"Cus, I am sure to ride St. Mirin 8st. 6lb., or at most 8st. 7lb. I shall win the Cambridgeshire, and then be able to come down into your country and enjoy myself this winter."

"I begged of him not to try to ride so light as he talked about. I told him I had seen so many jockeys who wasted on physic, especially at the back end of the year, go out like the snuff of a candle. He said:

"Never mind if I go out or not; I shall do it."

E. S.

THE GRAND MILITARY.

THAT Steeplechasing was a far more popular sport among soldiers, twenty years ago, than it is at the present time, is quite certain. There were better horses in the army in those days, better men to ride them, and certainly a more business-like air about most military meetings than there generally is now. On the other hand, the comforts of military racing have increased tenfold. It is very much more popular with the civilian element, and excites far more interest amongst the racing public generally than it used to. For all this, there is no doubt that we have for the most part to thank Sandown Park.

Who that went racing in the seventies does not remember the good old Rugby days? What a grand course that was, and yet what an inconvenient one to get to, and when there how thoroughly wanting in all the comforts and luxuries of latter-day racing! The consequence was that only the keenest of sportsmen and sportswomen were ever to be seen in the crowd of regimental

coaches that lined the course opposite the one small inconvenient stand, and there was a total absence of the London crowd that is the principal feature of a "Grand Military" at Sandown Park.

These thoughts were forcibly brought to my mind on Friday last as I stood on the lawn at that popular racecourse, and watched the swarms of people surging up from the station; and I do not suppose that the soldiers' meeting ever before drew quite such a large crowd as it did last week. One reason for this, no doubt, was the weather. The two previous days had been absolutely wretched in that respect. Fog, rain, snow, and wind had all had their turn, and it was indeed a pleasant surprise when Friday morning broke bright and clear, with quite a summer sun, and a drying wind, so that everything was looking its best when we arrived at the scene of action. The going was as nearly perfect as possible, and we were able to watch the day's proceedings in comfort.

The ball was opened with a Maiden Steeplechase, of two miles and a-half, for which five runners went to the post. Of these Capt. Powell's (R.A.) Mondaine, by Beau Brummel—Katrine, was made a hot favourite, on the strength of her second to Siberian, over the same course last month. Like most of the Bishop Sutton schooled chasers, she jumped well, and going to the front round the last turn, she won easily by four lengths from Major Hardinge's (Royal Scots Fusiliers) Solent Belle.

The Open National Hunt Flat Race, which followed, looked a good thing for Little Boy Blue, once one of the best horses in England at that game; or Baccarat, though as the former has been very unsound, and the latter is none too game on the flat, it hardly looked good enough to take 8 to 1 about Tom Cannon's horse, or lay 6 to 4 on the other. It certainly did not look so opposite the last fence, when Little Boy Blue was beaten, and Stroller was apparently holding the favourite safe. However, Mr. Marshall's horse drew out again opposite the stands, and Baccarat got home half a length to the good, after which he was bought in for 230 guineas.

The next race was the principal event of the day—the Grand Military Gold Cup, which has been won by some real good horses at times, and for which I doubt if a worse class field ever went to the post than on this occasion. Field-Marshal was at once made favourite, but he is a long way from being the Field-Marshal of other days, while the useful old Midshipmite, who was backed at 6 to 1, and ran well, too, for two-thirds of the distance, has grown old and slow. Frontier was hardly up to Grand Military form, Benediction is very unsound, indeed Mr. Yates thought him more likely to break down than win, and the other seven were a very moderate lot. At the same time, there were rumours about Col. Gough's (late 14th Hussars) Parapluie, who was to be ridden by Mr. D. G. Campbell, who rode such a good race on Nelly Gray when she won this race twelve months ago, and subsequently steered The Soarer to victory at Liverpool; and more perhaps for the sake of her rider than on account of her own performances, which were nothing wonderful, she was backed at 5 to 1. Col. Gough's mare and Frontier made most of the running, and old Midshipmite ran well till he came to grief about a mile from home, just as he was going up to his horses, and looked to have a chance; Field-Marshal, too, went well for some distance, but was well beaten half a mile from home, and Parapluie and Frontier landed first and second over the last fence. They were both very tired, and ran home so slowly that the despised Waitaki, who was going a lot faster than either of them, passed Frontier in the last hundred yards and finished second, three lengths behind Parapluie. Field-Marshal was fourth, and Benediction, who broke down three fences from home, was pulled up. The fact of Waitaki, who is very moderate indeed, getting second, does not say much for the rest, and the winner is probably by no means up to the average of "Grand Military" winners. At the same time, everyone was pleased to see this coveted trophy go to so good a sportsman as Col. Gough, and backers of The Soarer for this year's "Liverpool" must have been glad to see Mr. Campbell, who has just come back from South Africa, in winning form.

There was a great falling off in the weather on the second day, if there was none in the attendance, but the rain came to an end before racing began, and the afternoon turned out finer than could have been expected. Cathal won a National Hunt Flat Race by a neck from Prattle, but he is no doubt a much better horse over fences, and he in no way damaged his Grand National prospects by not landing the 7 to 2 laid on him with greater ease.

The Grand Military Handicap was won by Capt. Le Gallais' very useful horse Brawl, who is trained by Capt. Kirk, at Epsom, and for whom I have often said a good word in these columns. He gave 2lb. and a four lengths beating to Boy Chieftain, with Bettermost, Prince Edward, Philosopher, and three others behind the pair.

The United Service Steeplechase looked good for Mondaine or Olibanum, whilst Hotham was well backed at 5 to 2, but they were all three beaten by Chilcomb, who won by ten lengths from Camalata, with Mondaine third; and the meeting was brought to a successful conclusion when the favourite Traynor, ridden by his owner, Mr. Murray-Threipland, beat Fillet and six others for the Tally-ho Steeplechase.

So ended a most successful meeting, whereat everything was as comfortable and as well-arranged as it always is at Sandown Park, and which was watched by perhaps the largest attendance ever got together on a similar occasion. In fact there were moments when one was quite reminded of an Eclipse Stakes crowd.

The Grand Military has been held on many different courses, at various times, including Rugby, Northampton, Cheltenham, Warwick, Aylesbury, Aintree, Windsor, Aldershot and Sandown Park; but it has become too much a social function of London society now for it ever to be taken away from the Metropolis again, and it is not likely that the soldiers will ever desert Esher again.

WINNERS OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP SINCE 1879.					
Year.	Horse.	st.	lb.	Betting.	Rider.
1880	Cymrw	-	11 7	— 5 to 1	— Mr. Dalbiac (9)
1881	Lobelia	-	12 3	— 6 to 4	— Mr. Lee Barber (8)
1882	Lord Chancellor	13	7	— 5 to 2	— Lord Manners (8)
1883	Beaufort	-	12 7	— 2 to 1	— Mr. Lee Barber (6)
1884	Larva	-	11 7	— 8 to 1	— Mr. Murdoch (9)
1885	Scorn	-	12 7	— 10 to 1	— Mr. Barton (3)
1886	Standard	-	12 7	— 100 to 12	— Mr. T. Hone (9)
1887	Dalesman	-	11 0	— 5 to 1	— Capt. Fisher (9)
1888	Bertha	-	11 0	— 6 to 1	— Mr. Onslow (7)
1889	St. Cross	-	11 0	— 100 to 12	— Capt. E. R. Owen (8)
1890	Lady Sarah	-	10 7	— 6 to 1	— Capt. Little (11)
1891	Hollington	-	11 12	— 7 to 1	— Capt. C. Lambton (11)
1892	Ormerod	-	10 7	— 15 to 8	— Capt. Bewick (7)
1893	Midshipmite	-	13 7	— 4 to 6	— Capt. Murdoch (7)
1894	Æsop	-	11 12	— 7 to 2	— Sir C. Slade (8)
1895	Field Marshal	-	12 3	— 5 to 2	— Capt. Crawley (11)
1896	Nelly Gray	-	11 7	— 3 to 1	— Mr. D. G. Campbell (5)
1897	Parapluie	-	11 7	— 5 to 1	— Mr. D. G. Campbell (11)

The figures in parenthesis indicate the number of runners in each year.

IN THE GARDEN.

WHITE AND LACED PINKS.

SEEKERS after wild flowers know the dainty Pink that loves to send its roots into the chinks of old castle walls. Dianthus plumarius is the name of this naturalised wilding, and from it has sprung the glorious white and laced Pinks of our gardens. The Pink is extremely hardy, and, fortunately, not heir to the many ills that beset the Carnation and Picotee. As March is a good month to plant Pinks, we may well devote a note to the fragrant flower that in many a cottage garden forms a broad edging to the simple walk. White Pinks should be in every bed and border worthy of the name; and the most fascinating pictures we have seen in gardens have been painted, as it were, with the help of these snowy, silvery-leaved plants, which are never so beautiful as when used as edgings or margins.

There are many varieties to select from, the white Pinks forming quite a group, and they are, as a rule, inexpensive. The old fringed white, a fragrant flower, has been superseded by later acquisitions, such as Mrs. Sinkins, Her Majesty, Mrs. Lakin, and Mrs. Welsh. This is a delightful selection, all plants thoroughly robust in growth, with double flowers of spotless purity. Of these, however, one will be sufficient, unless, of course, a collection be desired, and that one should be Mrs. Sinkins, which produces its bold, pure-white flowers so bountifully in June that one can scarcely see the silvery tufts. Edgings or luxuriant masses will give welcome handfuls of flowers for the house, and help in many dainty floral decorations.

The Pinks will revel in ordinary garden soil, if not too heavy. A fairly light and sunny border agrees best with them, and they may be readily increased in summer from pipings. That, however, we hope to describe in a separate note when the season arrives.

Lovers of Pinks should think also of the quaint laced varieties, old-world looking flowers that have become overshadowed through the pursuit of tender "bedders," tropical or warmth-loving plants that must receive shelter during winter. The laced Pinks, as a rule, are very strong, and flower with great freedom, although, unfortunately, no great diversity of colour exists. The colour is confined to the lacing on the white petals, which varies in depth, according to the variety. Shades of marone and red predominate, these being rich and striking in the well-known varieties Boiard, Empress of India, Eurydice, Harry Hooper, Minerva, Modesty, and The Rector. They require exactly the same culture as the white Pinks.

SEEDLING HOLLYHOCKS.

The Hollyhock is a splendid garden flower, unfortunately still overshadowed by a disease that at one period threatened its existence. Plants quite free from the fearful plague that devastated the flowery ranks are rare even now, but one finds less disease upon seedling plants than those raised from cuttings. Good seedlings put in at this season with a liberal mulch of well-decayed manure over the roots will flower gaily in late summer. The colours are seldom poor, but generally shades of soft yellow, rose, and crimson, sometimes revealed in double blooms, sometimes in single, in both types, however, of extreme beauty. Hollyhocks must have a rich diet. On poor soils they fail absolutely, but if given rich ground and copious waterings in summer they send up in profusion their tall spire-like spikes of noble flowers. The finest effects in colour are obtained by boldly placing the plants at the back of the mixed border and permitting plants of medium height to run up close to them, to hide, in the event of an attack of disease, yellow leaves and bare stems.

THE SWEET PEA.

A lovely annual flower is the Sweet Pea, fragrant and subtle in colour. Of recent years this fascinating race has been much added to without, happily, loss of any precious attribute. When florists begin to raise new forms of a popular race of plants, fragrance and vigour are sometimes confiscated for the sake of size in the individual flower. Sow seed now for summer blooming, and if the soil be rich the plants should be in flower before the end of June. Earlier flowers can be obtained if the seed is sown in pots early in February, and the seedlings planted out when three inches or four inches high. A beautiful screen of Sweet Peas is easy to get if the plants are trained over twigs or wire; in fact, there are many ways of growing this annual. A few charming varieties are the following:—Butterfly (white, touched with lavender), Captain of the Blues (rich blue), Countess of Radnor (soft heliotrope), Mrs. Sankey (pure white), the last of this selection being of much value for cutting.

THE JAPANESE WINDFLOWER.

Every garden should have a mass of this perennial. The most useful, perhaps, in the whole family of hardy plants—not only for its effect in a bed or border, but also for cutting. Plant in rich soil, and give plenty of water during the summer. The white variety is called alba, but the kind named rosea is rosy-red in colour—a charming contrast. These Windflowers of sunny Japan must have rich food. Even liquid manure during full growth they relish.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers in gardening as much as possible, we shall be pleased to answer any questions addressed to us. A stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE frightful weather did not prevent a smart crowd from turning up at New Niagara, in the small hours on Shrove Tuesday night, or, more strictly speaking, Ash Wednesday morning. Some of those who went to a theatre first and, rather than keep their coachmen and horses about in the wind and the rain, depended on cabs for taking them on to Niagara, had to wait a whole hour in the vestibules. All the cabs in London were engaged. But the bright and pretty scene inside the domain of "Real Ice" made up for the troubles of transit. Sir William Call had surpassed himself—a matter of some difficulty—in the decorations, and some very novel and effective costumes were worn. Lady Call would have taken a prize had she competed for one. These costume masked balls have stimulated the inventiveness of dressmakers with regard to dominoes, which are now invested with an elaboration of design and dainty lightness of execution that recommend them to the smart. Transparent dominoes may be illogical, since their principal reason for existing is to completely shroud and disguise the wearer, but none the less are they appreciated by those who have pretty figures—too pretty to be hidden away under even the handsomest of rich brocades.

For almost the first time since the number of presentations at a Drawing-room was reduced to two hundred, those at last week's fell short of the maximum. Only one hundred and ninety débutants presented themselves. Where were the ten? Well, some of them were kept away by the weather, one by measles, and two or three by severe colds, while one was disappointed by the illness of the lady who was to present her.

The fact that the Princess of Wales wore turquoises with her mourning dress at the Drawing-room served to remind many that these stones, despite their bright blue tint, are considered mourning, though not included in the jewels permissible in Court mourning as regulated by the Lord Chamberlain.

The Queen has always shown a very particular affection for Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, eldest daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, and her Majesty has this amiable and accomplished girl with her as much as possible. She is to accompany the Sovereign to Cimiez, and is now with her at Windsor. Princess Victoria will be twenty-seven in May, and is a lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. She inherits her mother's peculiarly sweet voice, and has a graceful figure. Very much attached to home, where she is the object of intense affection from her parents and her brothers, this young Princess has refused some excellent offers of marriage rather than leave England.

The mass meeting in Hyde Park last Sunday, convened to denounce the policy of the Government, was a dismal failure. It was chiefly noticeable for the absence of the usual blatant bands and banners. The few musicians present, however, made up in sound for the absence of the others; for, having once struck up, they entirely declined to give way to anyone, and played on steadily, and effectually succeeded in drowning much of the mob oratory. The wet grass possibly had the effect of damping the ardour of those assembled under the Reformer's Tree, for the number present was much below the average of those that usually assemble at mass gatherings of this kind.

The book which Mr. Richard Holmes, the librarian at Windsor Castle, has compiled, and which is to be entitled "Queen Victoria," will give an accurate account of the principal events of the Queen's great reign. It will be a work of immense interest to the general public, for the Queen has herself revised the work; and nothing will, therefore, appear in it which is not thoroughly authenticated. The work is divided into eight chapters, each of which is headed by one of the letters which the name of Victoria is formed, and these are decorated with designs of representative flowers or plants emblematic of different parts of the Empire. The V of the first chapter is decorated with the oak; the I with a thistle; the C with a Canadian maple; the T with a shamrock; the O with specimens of various heath plants from South Africa; the R with the lotus of India; the second I with the eucalyptus of Australasia, and the A with a rose. A great effort is being made to hurry on the printing, so that the work may be published by May 24th, the Queen's birthday. There are a limited number of copies in a Japanese paper edition, the original price of which was eight guineas; but the vouchers for these have changed hands some five times since the beginning, and are now priced at twenty guineas.

A lady on leaving The Fine Arts Society's Gallery, where Du Maurier's drawings are now on view, was overheard to remark that without the catalogue the pictures would not be at all amusing. Her argument was that the pictures tell no story of their own and have no real humour, and that to discover that any of them are meant to be funny, it needs reference to the explanatory notes of the catalogue. The majority of those who visit this exhibition will probably not be so destitute of wit as to fail to appreciate the humorous touches which permeate the deceased artist's work. In fact, his sense of humour and his keen appreciation of beauty may be said to have been the chief characteristics of his work, so that there can hardly be many to whom the "varnished hand" will not appeal in one way or another. With his love of human nature, his quick powers of observation, and wonderful insight into child-life and character, he has brought out many unique scenes of life, the freshness of which will not readily fade.

The exhibition consists mainly of drawings made during the last six years of his life, though the illustrations to "Esmond," which are among them, were executed at a much earlier date, and serve to show the difference in his style at that time to what it became in his later years. The grotesque illustrations to the French nonsense verses and some of the Dream pictures are very comical. It is the old "Punch" favourites, however, which appeal most strongly. One of these is "A Reminiscence of Lent," and in this the children are questioned as to whether they have denied themselves the luxury of sweet things during this season. To which query they naively reply that soap, not sugar, was the commodity they had forsworn!

Sir John Millais' well-known picture, "The Yeoman of the Guard," which was first exhibited in the Academy of 1877, and afterwards in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, has been bequeathed to the nation by Mrs. Hodgkinson, a relative of the artist. The gift will be greatly prized, for it will be, up to the present time, the only picture by Millais in the National Gallery.

Members of the National Health Society are about to turn their attention to the ills of cyclists, and have arranged for a series of lectures to be given under the title of "First Aid to the Injured Cyclist"; in which the right treatment of the more common accidents resulting from riding will be considered. Should these classes develop an ambulance character, and certificates be granted to proficient students, the latter will doubtless find themselves much in request when cycling tours are being arranged.

THE LAST SHOOT OF THE SEASON.

IN some of the coverts the keeper said too many cock pheasants were left, so we determined to shoot them through once more before the close of the season; and in order to make a fair bag, he said he would stop out the rabbits in the oak belt, and we could also have a partridge drive in the afternoon. It is, as a rule, a mistaken policy to leave too many cock pheasants, as they only fight and wander away, affecting injuriously the next season's stock. On both occasions when these coverts were shot this season the weather was unfavourable; in November it rained in torrents all day, materially affecting the total of the bag; and the Christmas shoot took place during a perfect blizzard of snow, when it was almost impossible to stand out in the open. Here we make it the practice to kill cocks only at the first shoot, and both cocks and hens at the second, thus ensuring not only a greater portion of old cocks being bagged, but also two good days' sport instead of one big day and one moderate one. It is not a large preserve, merely some seven or eight coverts, surrounded by arable land, with a few of those wide, straggling hedgerows that are now so seldom seen but which afford excellent nesting ground for both pheasants and partridges, although they also offer inducements to pheasants to stray which no amount of hand-feeding can quite counteract.

At this season of the year game is very wary, and at the report of a gun the old cocks generally make tracks at once to secure their safety, knowing, from sad experience, that danger threatens. Partridges, of course, are practically unapproachable, unless driven, and as the stock here had been fairly thinned in October we were not anxious to kill more than three or four brace. There is but little cover in the fields, which to-day are covered with snow, but as we approach the first fence we see a covey of birds that at once "squat," but rise before we get within shot.

Dividing our forces, we beat two hedgerows towards the first covert, with the result that a couple of rabbits and a hare are killed by one party of two guns, whilst the other two guns secure a cock pheasant and a rabbit. The covert consists chiefly of spruce and larch, with an undergrowth of brambles and "laid" elder bushes, with a young plantation wired in at the far end, and it is towards this that we decide to drive the birds.

Taking up our positions, and a signal being given to the beaters, we soon hear the tap, tap of their sticks, and see the pheasants running in all directions, with a good many rabbits dashing about. The old cocks race towards us at headlong speed, then halt and race back. Others take refuge in the thick undergrowth, and others again come over the guns. As the beaters approach the four guns get a fair amount of shooting, chiefly, however, at rabbits, as comparatively few of the cocks come over, and it is difficult to decide what has become of them. The mystery is solved as we beat the wood back and see bird after bird perched in the thick spruces. They have simply "treed," and no amount of shouting or beating the trunks will induce them to move.

One old cock, about twenty feet above the ground, watches the men as they throw bits of stick at him; but it is not until a man climbs the tree that he deigns to take to flight, and is killed as he sails through the tree tops, his spurs proving him a very old bird, and one that has doubtless often before escaped danger by seeking shelter in the trees. There must have been fully thirty cock pheasants seen during the beat, yet we only succeed in bagging seven, two others that were fired at going away apparently untouched.

Walking across two fallow fields towards the next plantation we put up a wounded partridge with a leg down and kill him, whilst three rabbits are also killed.

This wood is an awkward one to beat, especially as we have no nets; but as probably some of the birds from the previous wood have sought refuge here we decide to beat it back, and so bring the birds high over the guns. There are a lot of rabbits in this covert, and as the ferrets were run through the burrows two days previously, and the rabbits "stopped" out, we expect to get some good sport at them, nor are we disappointed, one gun killing eighteen and a brace of pheasants, whilst the rest of us get plenty of shooting. A woodcock comes twisting through an opening in the trees, and despite three barrels, fired in quick succession, gets away, but is marked down in the whin cover, and afterwards added to the bag. Then comes another small wood, where most of the rabbits break back, as we have to drive it up wind, or run the risk of driving most of our birds over the boundary, and it is wonderful how susceptible rabbits are to getting "our wind," as bad, almost, as deer, in that respect.

A short adjournment for lunch follows, and the bag is counted up, making the respectable total of forty-nine rabbits, a woodcock, two pigeons, three hares, a partridge, and ten

pheasants. We do not put off much time at lunch, and as we are cold and chilled with the short rest we walk across a big rushy pasture field through which winds a very tiny beck, frozen at places and with here and there patches of vivid green, indicating the presence of a spring. A few rabbits are sitting out in the thick tussocks of coarse grass, and we also bag a couple of snipe and flush two coveys of partridges that pitch in a pitch of scattered whin bushes on the hillside. A small covert is driven, but we only get a woodcock and a pheasant, and then we walk through the patch of whins and get some pretty shooting at the scattered partridges, some of which afford rocketing shots as they break back over the guns. The beaters are next sent round to drive some young seed and stubble fields towards us, on the offchance of a few pheasants making their way back to the coverts, and of sending over the guns three or four coveys of partridges that "use" these fields.

We have a long, cold wait here as the men have some distance to go, and this affords us ample opportunity of admiring the beauty of the surrounding country for, despite the wintry landscape, the scenery is charming. In the far distance stretches a broad expanse of snow-covered moorland, the distant summits of the hills blending with the clouds on the horizon. In mid-distance the river winds its devious course through the fertile valley, their clouds of blue smoke hover over the scattered villages, and a haze clings lovingly to the pine woods on the hillside, whilst nearer at hand the pale yellows of the larches and the reddish-browns of the woodlands give a tinge of colour to the landscape. In the hedges and patches of decaying brown bracken, clumps of glossy holly, relieved with clusters of crimson berries, brambles with shrivelled green leaves still clinging to the bushes, whilst even now the woodbine is pushing out its delicate green buds. The forest trees stand gaunt and motionless, every twig and branch clearly outlined against the wintry sky, whilst not a breath of air moves the few brown leaves that cling to the oaks or sway the hanging "keys" of the ash trees. From the frozen overflow in the water meadows come wafted to our ears the shouts of the hockey players, and sweet girlish laughter blended with the ring of the skates as they dash over the frozen surface.

The shouts of the advancing beaters, however, put an end to our musing, and we were crouching behind the low hedge, anxiously scanning the fields in front for signs of approaching birds. A few small specks appear over the brow, gradually increasing in size until the covey dash over us, leaving a brace of their number behind, then a hare comes lobbing along, but declining to face the guns, breaks out at the side; another covey of birds come towards us, but swerve off, and despite the shouts and waving of an improvised flag (a handkerchief tied to a stick), by the flank man, they break back. Two birds break a couple of hundred yards in front, and then I get a shot at a single bird, crumpling him up, and this proves to be the last shot of the season, as the brace of birds that pitched in front of the guns fly back as the beaters approach the hedge.

Picking up the dead birds, we stroll towards the shed where the game has been left, and, as it is laid out in two lines upon the snow, we are quite satisfied with the result of the day's sport. The dog-cart drives up, a brace of pheasants and a hare are put into the trap, and with a cordial good-bye, accompanied with hopes of meeting again next season, I am quickly rattling along over the snow-covered roads, homewards, thinking, half sadly, of the many previous last days of seasons long past, and of the kindly, cheery faces that have passed away in the meantime.

ARDAROS.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN a week by no means remarkable, having regard to the season of the year, for a great output of new literature of the best quality, it can hardly be inappropriate to call attention to some of the best standard reprints of the day. A year or more ago, when Ian Maclaren, otherwise the Rev. John Watson, was lamenting in the *Heart of Midlothian* itself that Scott was more or less out of fashion, the fact was that two admirable editions of the works of Sir Walter were in course of publication, and there was a regular Scott boom. That, of course, one could not expect a Scottish craftsman in literature of to-day to know or to recognise; any more than one could expect Mr. Crockett, in bringing out an annotated edition of John Galt's novels, to interpret the Scottish idioms, some of them very obscure, and to leave the Southron idioms to speak for themselves. Still, the truth is that, on a page of one of Galt's masterpieces, scintillating with sparks of wit which disappear in murky clouds of double-Scotch, Mr. Crockett does leave all the said double-Scotch unconstrued, but informs us solemnly that "she egged him on" means "she urged him." The fact is, these Scots are wrapped up in their native mists; think that all the literature in the world comes out of Scotland; and have not the slightest idea of what is going on in the world around them. If they made inquiry they would find that the *Gadshill* Edition of Dickens (Chapman and Hall), produced by the only publishers who are entitled to publish a complete edition of the works of the immortal Charles Dickens, and Messrs. Dent's well-printed edition of Marryat's books, each volume of which sits so lightly in the hand, were running the moderns very hard. The reason is not far to seek. Nobody wants to read the introductions; but a generation is rising which wants to stock its libraries

with books which shall always be good companions of an idle hour. Again, nobody wants to read more than once one out of twenty novels of the day. They pass an hour or two easily enough; but they are thin in conception, the small measure of their contents is disguised by leaded type which reduces the number of words on a page to a minimum, and they make no more impression on the mind than a short story in a magazine. So Dickens, Thackeray, Marryat, and the others of old time, keep their places, and more.

Of the important books of the week, the late Sir B. W. Richardson's "*Vita Medica*" is, in our judgment, the most likely to live, at any rate for some little time. Sir B. W. Richardson had his fads, doubtless, but no man ever met him at "Our Club"—of which, by the way, Charles Dickens was once a member—without feeling that, fads or no fads, this was a genuine and a sympathetic man and brilliant and charming conversationalist. These recollections of his life, finished as they were within but a few hours of his illness which carried him away, cannot fail to interest a very large circle of readers. They come red-hot, so to speak, from the brain of a man whose experience was varied, whose mind was never idle, whose ideals were high, whose hopes for humanity were great. They have that peculiar charm which belongs to the conversation of a man of medicine who desires, not to make a show of his learning by using technical and recondite terms at unnecessary moments, but to penetrate the understanding of his unskilled companion. As for the accounts of operations before the days of anaesthetics, they are vivid and full of the horror that makes us thankful we were not born a generation ago.

Another important publication is "*The Pamirs and Source of the Oxus*," of the Right Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon. Our Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs is not a brilliant writer; indeed, he is sometimes near to the awful land of dulness; but both his travels and the record of them are invariably undertaken in the most conscientious spirit, and he has added a good deal to the sum of human knowledge. Precisely the same expression may justly be applied to the fourth volume of the "*Historical Geography of the British Colonies*," of Mr. C. P. Lucas. At least eighteen years ago this brilliant scholar entered the Colonial Office. His abilities are great; his opportunities of obtaining information are unmatched; and his present subject, the history and geography of our South African Colonies, has paramount interest in these days for all intelligent Englishmen.

The wide public which had been delighted by "*Ships that Pass in the Night*," and by "*In Varying Moods*," has looked forward with certain hope to Miss Beatrice Harraden's "*Hilda Trafford*," which comes from Messrs. Blackwood. It will not be disappointed. The volume really contains two stories, and of these, the first, which is the best, is a little wanting in substance. But it has the impress of life on it, and the descriptions of Californian scenery leave a feeling of reality on the mind. One shares the dread with which the small ranche-owner awaits, in his plain frame-house, the arrival of his bride from England; one feels the weariness of her plain surroundings, which weighs her down; one is partly to the anger of the ranche-owner's friend at the bored woman's apparent inability to perceive that her husband is dying before her eyes of disappointment and overwork. For the end, it is sad enough in all conscience, but true as life, or death. One small point we note: we cannot believe that Miss Harraden is correct in making a man in California shoot quails, in some number, with a rifle fit for use against deer.

Frankly, Mr. Baring Gould's "*Guavas, the Tinner*" (Methuen), is not the kind of book that men or women will like at once. It deals with strange and sometimes horrible customs of the tin-miners of Dartmoor in the days of the Stannaries Court, and is full of antiquarian learning. But it grows on the reader after a while. At any rate, there is plenty of startling incident. One begins with a man half-crucified, there is a man and wolf-fight (which may be described as James Greenwood and one better), there is one murder in the past, there is an attempted murder in the present, the villain shoots the villainess by accident with a silver bullet, and the villain is smothered in a Devonian bog. The survivors live happily ever afterwards, but there seems to be really rather few of them, and as one of them has "eaten the sins" of his dead father-in-law, who was a murderer, it is, perhaps, just as well that they need not be followed for very long.

Cordially to be recommended are "*Adam Lilburn's*" "*The Borderer*," a love-tale, interspersed with very fine and accurate descriptions of Cheviot moorland scenery; and "*Ouida's*" "*Le Selve*," an idyllic story, in which that fluent writer is seen at far greater advantage than when she describes an officer of the Guards "smoking scented Latakia out of a silver meerscham," or "dipping his tawny moustaches in a beaker of still champagne."

The future is rich in promise. In political literature Mr. H. D. Traill's "*Life of Lord Cromer*," one of the "Public Men of To-day" series, will be welcome from the hands of Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Foster; none the less welcome in that it will now be able to include some account of Lord Cromer's relation to the Dongola Expedition. In the naval literature which is imminent is Captain Mahan's "*Life of Nelson*"; to say Captain Mahan is the author is to give a formal guarantee that it will be of the highest quality and value. In the realm of Belles Lettres nothing could be more promising than Professor Saintsbury's "*The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of the Allegory*." The learned and elegant Professor has been a good deal attacked, for no legitimate reason, in some weekly papers of the day; but in truth he stands head and shoulders above most of the critics of the day in knowledge of literature. Mr. Anthony Hope, it is said, has a new novel on the stocks, which is to be serious rather than fantastic, called "*Born in the Purple*." We hope well for it. For "*The God in the Car*," Mr. Hope's nearest approach to a serious story hitherto, shows plainly that he has power in directions other than fanciful. We shall look also with special interest for Miss Mary Cholmondeley's "*Devotee*," since the memory of Diana Tempest is still pleasant. "*Lad's Love*," by S. R. Crockett, is also a book to look forward to. The unending, but always interesting, subject of the Mutiny, is to be dealt with, under the title of "*The Sepoy Revolt*," critically, by General McLeod Innes.

The following books may also be ordered from the library:—

- "*Love*," Mrs. Hungerford. (Chatto and Windus).
- "*The Juggler and the Soul*," Helen Mathers. (Skeffington and Son).
- "*The Career of Claudia*," F. M. Peard. (Bentley).
- "*A Capful o' Nails*," D. Christie Murray. (Chatto and Windus).
- "*Gentleman George*," Mrs. Herbert Martin. (Hurst and Blackett).
- "*A Devotee*," Mary Cholmondeley. (Arnold).
- "*A Spotless Reputation*," Dorothea Gerard. (Blackwood).
- "*The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory*," G. Saintsbury. (Blackwood).

Notes from my Diary

by Mame Sans-Gêne.

MONDAY: I should be a comparatively happy woman if I knew what to buy for a cycling costume. I have asked Nellie, and I have consulted the Urb girl, both persons destitute of the least idea on the important subject of clothes; and I have been having serious communion with myself for the last half hour. But still I can't make up my mind; and here is the sun shining in at the windows, affectionately smiling on the brightened handles of my machine, pointing out the deplorable fact of various scratches on its surface, and urging me to be up to London and doing myself as well as I know how in clothes. There's rather a pleasing blue serge material which strikes me as desirable. It is of a China blue shade, rather dark, with just a touch of white in its depths. I think it would be very becoming, worn with light blue cotton shirts, white collars, and black ties, and crowned with the only suitable hat in existence for bicycling, which is the straw hat with a black ribbon round it. I might also permit myself the luxury of a pink shirt under the influence of such a costume. What is the use of staying down in the country and thinking about clothes? There's a beautiful train at two o'clock which should and shall see me under its protection. I must either do this or else be reduced to writing to some of those omniscient ladies who give more or less valuable advice in the columns of the illustrated papers. I can picture myself inditing a letter which shall run thus:—

"Darling Wasp,—I trust this is the right way to address you"—(I believe this is the correct formula, never to be omitted)—"I am five feet eight inches high, and I cannot help it. I have little money, and I cannot help that either. I have had some yards of bengaline in my possession now for some five years, can you advise me how to turn it into a serge walking dress?—you are so clever. May I send you some flowers?"

Always yours,—SANS-GENE."



AN EVENING CLOAK, FRILLED WITH GLACE SILK.



A GREY CLOTH DRESS, BRAIDED.

No, I think I had better go to London myself, and not risk my reputation at such cannon's mouth.

TUESDAY: After all I delayed my journey until this morning, but I have been thoroughly revelling in London and its "temptations" since eleven o'clock. The shops are cheery exceedingly with millinery of the most gorgeous detail. I never saw such colours—violet and red scream at each other on many pink straw hats, and huge pansies intrude their influence amidst bows of pale blue ribbon which rest with impunity on hats of a vivid green straw. I wish I could write with another famous author, "people don't do such things," but they do. And not alone are these monstrosities of millinery in the windows, but they are already decorating—save the mark!—the heads of the women.



A CHECKED SILK BLOUSE, PIPED AND BELTED WITH BLACK VELVET; AND HAVING SLEEVES AND VEST OF LACE.

I lunched at Verrey's, at a table next to a woman wearing a bright violet straw hat with a ruche of pink roses round the crown, a bunch of green and blue ribbons at one side, and a few sprays of yellow mimosa tucked beneath the brim at the back. The effect was perfectly hideous, and yet I observed the wearer giving herself approving glances in the mirror many a time and oft. All the bright coloured hats are not frightful; there are exceptions to the rule of ugliness. There is a pale pink hat trimmed with dark red roses and pale green bows. This, in toque shape, has decided charms; and charming, too, is a hat I came across made of pale blue straw trimmed with forget-me-nots and pink carnations. But undoubtedly the best of the millinery is that which is made of black jet and chiffon and feathers. There are also some small boat-shaped hats, with weird-looking wings flapping over the crown at one side, which may be worshipped as elegant. And she who has the grace to adopt black for her spring costume may be allowed to indulge in some idiosyncrasy of gorgeously-coloured millinery, if she will only moderate her transports and select but three colours for her flowers and ribbons.

And yet I did not buy my bicycling costume, although I am sure I interviewed six patent skirts, all of them exactly



FRIELLE STRAW, TRIMMED BLACK LACE AND BLACK WINGS.

alike, and all of them declared by their proud authors to be a totally original invention. We have arrived at the conclusion that the skirt which is divided at the back is the most successful, although there is a new variety of skirt with an apron front loosely fastened over to the centre of the back beneath an ordinary underskirt. I filled my pocket full of patterns of cloth, in order to consult the boys when I arrived home; and I found the unsympathetic wretches had gone up to town to see some more or less distracting divinity at some more or less distracting music-hall; and I must possess my soul in patience till to-morrow, and occupy the whole of this evening in trying not to listen to what Nellie says to her lover, and dutifully confessing to my mother the number of clothes I resisted, while I forget to mention the number of those I did not.

THURSDAY: I am so tired this morning I really cannot write, and did I not feel impressed with the idea that the Victorian literature would suffer severely should I omit to chronicle my doings for a single week, then would I leave my diary mercifully alone. But I feel it is my duty to future generations to mention the fact that I went to a dance last night, and did not arrive home till three this morning; and that I am feeling distinctly disappointed that the charming person with whom I danced some five times has omitted to send me back my fan with a bunch of roses tied on to the handle. This should have been his only possible proceeding, but life would be an amusing thing indeed if a girl could explain to her various admirers—I suppose I may



VIOLET STRAW HAT, TRIMMED PINK ROSES AND ECRU LACE.

class him in that list—the graceful acts which would best become them. "Every woman her own wooer" would be a charming motto with which to go through life; for, indeed, after a certain amount of experience we all know exactly the attentions we prefer, whether these be sweets or flowers, letters or visits, bicycle rides or moonlight drives; and yet the merest convention prevents us from mentioning these details, and we are forced to take our attentions as we get them.

I wore my new cloak last night, and a very pretty cloak it is, too—made entirely of frills of glacé silk hemmed with black velvet ribbon, lined with a wadded brocade, and finished at the neck with a double frill, tied with scarf-like ends. Nellie is going to have six just like it in her *trousseau*. Imitation is the sincerest flattery; but Nellie has a habit of imitating herself, after she has imitated me, in a style which is simply distressing. She constantly has three dresses made on the same plan, while there has been a woeful monotony about her bodices recently—they all fasten down one side with a kilted frill. This augurs badly for her housekeeping in the future, for I am convinced poor Tom will be served with the same dinner every day because Nellie discovered he liked it yesterday, and thinks she cannot do better than give it to him again; and that way to the club and—oh, here are my flowers!—after all he did his duty, and they are so beautiful they might have come from London—pink roses, mauve lilac, and a touch of purple cyclamen. I could not have ordered them better myself.